# The Nation.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907.*

## The Week.

Massachusetts Democrats have seen the great opportunity of their party. Their slogan is to be tariff reform, no matter to what idiocy the national "leaders" may commit themselves. In this the Bay State men show only ordinary political acumen. The Quincys, Hamlins, Gastons, and Whitneys are insistent that this ought to be the only issue in next year's national campaign. They see their State seething with unrest, out-and-out Republicans clamoring in vain for action by their own party, and are rightly convinced that this is the sole issue upon which the Democrats could expect to win over many votes. People are everywhere becoming alarmed at the increased cost of living. Protection statisticians may show to their heart's content that the net average rise is small, but it is big enough to make itself felt by every salaried man in every branch of trade or business. The Republican party never has revised the tariff, save upwards. It is not likely to do so, while the protected manufacturers from whom it has extracted so many of its campaign funds have it by the throat. Here is the American Protective Tariff League, long an annex to the party, declaring the reciprocity agreement with Germany contrary to the statute law, and that higher unwritten law—the policy of protection. It and its friends may well think they can dictate to the party; they have done it many times before.

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One fact has undoubtedly had much to do with the endorsement of Taft by the Republican Committee of Ohio. That State sees a chance to elect a President once more, and hence the tremendous pressure put upon every hesitating committeeman. Ohio is weary of the prominence of New York in Presidential politics. She longs for another favorite son in the race. Accordingly, if the Taft managers can make it appear that their man has good prospects, the clamor for "one more President from Ohio" will be such as few politicians can resist. This is the strong force making against Foraker and Dick. They have, to be sure, many members of the machine bound to them by patronage, but the promise of still richer patronage, to say nothing of the greater glory of the State, is on the other side. Taft may not be the pride of Ohio, but Ohio pride is his best weapon in the fight for the State delegation.

North Carolina is not going to secede again. Senator Overman declares that, while the people of his State are "highly incensed," they understand that the legal questions at issue must be settled by the highest court in the land, "in whose decision our people will cheerfully acquiesce." Congressmen Page and Gudger give similar assurances, though they really were unnecessary. It is also made clear that the angry talk about impeaching Judge Pritchard was mostly a product of the dull and silly season in the offices of Washington correspondents. That Federal judge proceeded in the exercise of a discretion which is undoubtedly his, under the Constitution and laws of the Union. He may have been mistaken. That will appear on appeal. But that there should exist such recourse as a United States writ of injunction against the confiscation of property by State action, no man with a full complement of wits will deny. Only in that way can what may prove irreparable injury be prevented, and the equal protection of the laws assured to all. It is a railway corporation which, this time, avails itself of the remedy. Next time, it may be a widow whose property it is proposed to take from her without due process of law. The full merits of the North Carolina case will be passed upon by the Supreme Court. Pending its decision, all good citizens will be orderly and submit to the law. North Carolina has enough sensible inhabitants to outweigh her crazy politicians and to make it certain that she will so submit. Even Gov. Glenn has now assented to the compromise arranged between the parties to the suit, which is to be pressed to a speedy determination.

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So much is heard about the large sums spent by the white people of the South for the education of the negro, that a recently published analysis of South Carolina's outlay has exceptional interest. For the year ending June 30, 1906, there were enrolled 147,053 white pupils in 2,674 schools, with 3,633 teachers. The average session was 24.35 weeks. The salaries of the white teachers averaged $253. The whole cost of educating the white children was $1,538,565.13, including the cost of the five State colleges maintained or aided. The enrolled negro children numbered 171,022, or 24,000 more than the whites, but the total appropriation for them was $259,932.86, or only one-sixth of the sum appropriated for the whites. Now, of the total school taxes for the year, $278,477.16 was paid in by negroes, so that, so far from any whites contributing to the education of the blacks, $18,544.30 of the latter's money went to the education of the white children! Not unnaturally, this seems somewhat unfair, particularly as the average salary of the negro teacher for the 14.9 weeks of the session is only *ninety-five dollars!* If this same ratio holds for the other States, or anything approaching it, those public men in the South who have so long urged that school money be divided among the races according to the taxes paid, will have to do some more figuring.

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Senator Foraker found it easy to reply to Senator Tillman's untruthful assertion that the North fastened the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution on the country because its "passion and sectional hatred" had "gone far beyond the bounds of reason, decency, and righteousness," and that its real motive was to assure social equality to the negro. Tillman knows better, but relies on the fallibility of the human memory. As a matter of fact, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were born of actual conditions in the South; they were necessitated by deliberate legislative attempts to reënslave the negro. The average Southerner who maintains that the South alone should deal with the negro, and that it can be trusted to do the right thing by him, either conveniently forgets this chapter in Southern history or is honestly ignorant of it. But the facts are available. Carl Schurz, for instance, when still a major-general, in his tour through the South in 1866, perceived what was happening, and his report to the Government is most enlightening reading just at this time, when such men as Gov. Vardaman are declaring for the repeal of the amendments.

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In the final report of the Civic Federation's Committee on Public Ownership, published on Monday, it is stated, a trifle solemnly, "We are unable to recommend municipal ownership as a political panacea." This will, with many, damn the report. If they can have no device to save them from being careful and watchful, from having continually to experiment to discover what is good, from varying plans and methods with varying conditions, and from doing the full duty of a vigilant citizen—why, they will none of it. There prevails an immense demand for political nostrums, and if this able committee spent so much time and money only to report that they have been able to find none, their work will be severely mauled by reformers impatient of facts and of human nature. Real students of the problems involved, however, will be inclined to think that the very caution of the members of the committee, and even their disagreements

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among themselves, prove the serious and painstaking nature of their inquiry. If they had brought out any kind of panacea with a great flourish, sober people would have distrusted them. That they confess to the same difficulties as other investigators, and admit that different men look at the same facts in different ways, is at least an evidence of their sincerity.

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There appears to be a concerted and rather amusing attempt to manufacture prosperity by newspaper interview. It seems to be thought that if a lot of nonentities, or interested speculators, only shout loud enough that prosperity is bound to continue and be greater than ever, somehow crops will improve, money will be made more abundant, business men and bankers will cease to be cautious, investors will flock to Wall Street, and "melons" will be cut and lambs sheared as before. Some of the means adopted are surely comic. J. Ferguson Jones of Terre Haute arrives at Bad Nauheim in his automobile, and takes occasion to say that, in his judgment, and he knows it to be good, American prosperity is going speedily to mount to new and dizzy heights. This is at once cabled, and printed with great display, as a convincing "bull" point. Monday's stock market unfeelingly slumped right in the face of whole broadsides of such views of unknown financiers. It may recover, but, if it does, we have a notion that it will not be because T. Washington Andrews of Fargo declares in Cairo that he thinks it ought.

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Shan F. Bullock complains that literary criticism is becoming namby-pamby. "Considerateness" is the prevailing fashion in it. One English journal, noted for its trenchant reviews of books, was rebuked for its harshness the other day by a brother editor, who innocently observed that the publishers would soon cease sending volumes for notice, if nicer things were not said about them. Critics must be "considerate." This is a variant of the old phrase to the effect that they must be "constructive." Honestly interpreted, that meant that the author must be coddled, not told of his faults; and that the public must be fed on sugar-plums, not warned of impure or indigestible food. Considerateness, as Mr. Bullock remarks, is a most excellent thing. We ought all to be as kind as we can. But there are higher virtues, sterner obligations. One of them is to be sincere. And if a critic feels that he is set for the defence of the truth, and has a literary standard to maintain, instead of merely making himself a bait for advertisements, he will often discover that the truest kindness is to be severe. The older and more savage criticism may have sometimes been unfair, but at any rate it was never insipid or dull. This cannot be said of the new style of "considerate" criticism. It may create new geniuses every week, out of the most unpromising material, and may note the appearance of twenty masterpieces in a single publishing season, but it certainly does cloy one. It makes many of us look back, with Mr. Bullock, "longingly" to the old "ramping days of Henley," the "roaring Nineties," when "the artists of the rapier and the bludgeon had their way."

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For young men without means who are educating themselves, there are now many ways of self-support. At the University of Chicago, for example, where there is an employment bureau, the students last year earned, without interrupting their college courses, more than $66,000. One of them had a salary of $3,000! As there are women at the university, we find among the occupations mentioned as a means of profit "watching babies." For many years, of course, students have worked during the summer in various occupations; but now the automobile affords a paying and little irksome employment. Students with good habits, good manners, and a fair knowledge of machinery might easily be able to make enough in their vacations to pay their expenses for the year. We hear of some who are doing so. If the work of the chauffeur were to be taken up more frequently by college students, it would be good for them, and might even be better for the owners of machines.

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The great objection to attempting renewed comment on so worn-out a topic as monkey-dinners is that, after a while, the guests of honor, like the central figure at Friday's Newport affair, must come to feel the irksomeness of excessive publicity. We may take it for granted that among leading chimpanzee families the reading of journals is not a neglected accomplishment, and, notwithstanding all the delights of new experiences, Consul I. must be sensitive to what may be said in the best Primate circles about indiscriminate elbow-rubbing with society which cannot deny its *parvenu* character, in view of its inability to point to more than a hundred thousand years of descent. Prejudice is hard to conquer, and when anthropoid dowagers shake their heads over the performances of the sad dog of a *déclassé*, it will do Consul I. little good to argue, *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*, to maintain that, after all, no wide gulf separates species from species. Are not their thoughts largely my thoughts? he might assert; their actions my actions, and their views of life very much my own? Then why set up empty barriers of pride, or, if *homo sapiens* sometimes becomes merely *homo soupiens*, why be over-critical?

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British proposals at the Hague Conference have notoriously been unsatisfactory to the enlightened sentiment of England. Severe condemnation has been expressed by some of the best newspapers, particularly of the refusal of the British delegates to agree to immunity of private property at sea in time of war. As if nettled by this criticism, Lord Reay suggested last Friday the entire abolition of contraband of war. The proposal could hardly have been sincere. It was not accepted as such by the other delegates, some of whom pointed out that it went ill with the British clinging to the doctrine of prizes and stringent blockade. If there is no contraband, how can prizes be made of neutral ships? Also, how can they be shut out of a belligerent's ports on the ground that they are "helping the enemy"? The whole debate but illustrated the unhappy fact that the official representatives of Great Britain at the Hague Congress have not been abreast with the most humane sentiment of even their own country.

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Colonial Preference still keeps up its old reputation for providing humorous incidents. In the debate on it the other day in the Commons, a Liberal member referred to Mr. Chamberlain's plan of getting the Colonies to agree not to found industries which might seriously compete with those of England. Thereupon Austen Chamberlain started up to deny that such a passage could be found in any of his father's speeches on Colonial Preference. A newspaper report was at once produced, however, in which Mr. Chamberlain's very words were: "They [the Colonies] will arrange for tariffs in the future in order not to start industries in competition with those which are already in existence in the mother-country." Then Son Austen made an ingenuous explanation. His father had found that the sentence quoted had "given rise to a misapprehension," and therefore it "was omitted from the published copy of the speeches." Turning to the said published copy, we discover the original language changed so as to read: "They will give us, in the first place—I believe they will reserve to us—*much*, at any rate, of the trade which we already enjoy." The little less, and what worlds away! Mr. Chamberlain exclaimed loftily, on one occasion, "What I have said, I have said." It does not follow, apparently, that what he has said, he has printed.

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A visiting American lawyer in London passes severe censure on English law courts and jurists. "The judges

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were too advanced in age and were apparently not men of the world. They seemed insufficiently experienced in every-day life and every-day business. They simply sit in judgment and lay down the law just as it was administered hundreds of years ago. A judge elected to the bench in America is invariably a man of the world, with wide human knowledge, a man of modern life. Altogether, British legal machinery impressed one as insufficiently up to date." It is obvious that these criticisms are well founded. English judges are still under the impression that a prisoner brought up for trial should be either condemned or acquitted, instead of being allowed to die of the gout in jail while awaiting his fifth trial. The judges across the water are hundreds of years behind in their attitude towards triumphant science, for it is on record that they will actually interrupt an expert in the witness-chair even while he is engaged in making an ass of himself. With an utter lack of worldliness, English judges do not take a leading part in gigantic clambakes, beefsteak dinners, or potato races for fat men. And, worse than all, they are not up even on the rudiments of the Law of the Previous Fist, sometimes known as the unwritten law.

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A certain straining of the Franco-Russian alliance is making itself felt in the press of both countries. The *Novoye Vremya* of St. Petersburg has been bitter in denouncing the attitude of the French governing classes towards Russia's internal problems, and has seized upon the recent mutiny of a regiment in the Midi as a text for arguing that the morale of the French army is such as to render it of doubtful value to an ally in time of need. Moderate French opinion admits that the policy of the Radical cabinets which have been in power since the outbreak of the Russian revolutionary movement has been indiscreet to the point of irritation. It was not for the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg to offer advice to the Government on the matter of dealing with internal problems, and, on the other hand, last year's revelations of the part played by the Russian military attaché at Paris in the campaign against a revision of the Dreyfus case was not likely to further close relations between allies whose knowledge of each other's military arrangements should be more intimate than they actually are. Still, the Paris *Temps* insists that there is as much reason as ever for the maintenance of the dual alliance, and characterizes the situation as something of a quarrel between domestic partners, in which either disputant is carried away into saying the bitterest possible thing about the other. "We have lent you the money to keep things going," cry the French. "Because you were out for a high rate of interest, and your own good," retorts the *Novoye Vremya*. Whereat the *Temps* asks calmly, "What harm if both things are true?"

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What has become of the French nobility and what are its pursuits, are questions much discussed in the Parisian press, apropos of Paul Bourget's "Emigré." Under the Republic, few of the aristocracy join the army or navy. They are generally much richer than before the Revolution. Many have married into commercial families, and many have themselves entered active business. One marquis of distinguished lineage is a champagne agent at Epernay; another nobleman sells fish. There are titled manufacturers of cider, automobiles, and pumps. One blue-blooded baron is a distiller. If the aristocracy were only numerous enough, we might soon see all trades associated with the names of the peers of France; while the only gentlemen of leisure would be those who are now *commerçants*. A general strike headed by a duke, with a marquis bearing the red flag of the Internationale, would furnish a thoroughly modern spectacle.

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The proposal to erect a statue of Zola in Paris on the Boulevard Haussmann has given rise to an acrimonious dispute. In particular, M. Escudier, a municipal councillor, has protested vigorously. The opposition is partly political, manifested by the anti-Dreyfusards; and partly moral, directed against Zola's naturalism. The *Figaro* prints a curious article approving the councillor's protest. It argues that, just as living persons may not fight in the streets, so effigies of the dead, which might incite to riot, should not be placed on a boulevard. It would have them isolated in a park, academic hall, or museum. Yet this would simply transfer the disturbance from one place to another. Of course, the French are peculiarly sensitive in the matter of public monuments. Would that we in New York had been so! But we should hope that the passions of the Dreyfus time might soon subside to the point where a statue of Zola, inscribed with his famous words, "J'accuse," would excite no anger in any rational breast.

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With the speedy annexation of the Congo by Belgium no longer open to doubt, the conflict between King Leopold and his opponents centres about the character of the new colonial law that is now under discussion. The question involved is whether, under the new régime, the Congo, though Belgian, shall continue to be administered by the King in all matters legislative and executive, or whether the African domain shall be placed under parliamentary authority. The actual government bill assigns the power to the King, whose acts must be countersigned by a member of the Cabinet. A complete report on every phase of the colonial administration must be laid every year before the Belgian Chamber, which may then call into question the procedure of the Congo administration. At all other times, the Chamber cannot occupy itself with debates or interpellations on the colonies without the consent of the Colonial Minister, who is to be named by the King in the same manner as the rest of the Cabinet. A Colonial Council of four members, nominated by the King, is to assist the sovereign in such matters as he may submit to its consideration. A separate colonial budget is to be maintained. It is the composition of the Colonial Council that constitutes the debated point. The Opposition demands a council of fifteen, of whom only the head shall be named by the King, four by the Chamber, four by the Senate, and the rest by various high governmental and judicial bodies. Without such guarantees, it is argued that annexation would only result in saddling the country with the odium of a régime which will, so far as personnel and aims are concerned, remain what it is at present.

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Japan has finally assumed direct control in Korea. Such an outcome has long been inevitable; and it has been only a question whether the Mikado's Government would succeed in treading the usual road from a "friendly agreement" to virtual sovereignty with the least amount of irritation to the Korean people and a minimum of foreign criticism. Neither of these the Japanese have avoided, but on the other hand they seem to have traversed the present crisis without serious opposition in Korea or abroad. It remains to be seen whether her complete grasp on the Government machinery of the "protected" empire will enable Japan to steer a smoother course than heretofore. There is no need for the expenditure of excessive pity over the misfortunes that have befallen the imperial house of Korea. In the Orient, especially, people have been content since time immemorial to see the appearance and the reality of power vested in different hands. To the Korean people sympathy will be due when it is apparent that foreign rule has not raised them above the wretched condition to which centuries of the worst kind of domestic misrule have brought them. The very obstinacy with which they have resisted the Japanese advance, themselves without an efficient leader, or an army, or any other resource but the hope of possible foreign interference, would show that there is good material among them which an efficient government might mould into something like a real nation, as Great Britain has done with the Egyptian fellaheen.

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### *HAYWOOD'S ACQUITTAL.*

Few expected that the jury at Boisé would find Haywood guilty. Apparently, the most that the prosecution hoped for, at the end, was a disagreement. The verdict of acquittal, we do not doubt, was conscientiously given. The trial had been eminently fair. Every legal latitude had been given by the presiding judge to both sides. But proof of conspiracy is notoriously hard to make in court. And there was not forthcoming that full corroboration of Orchard's extraordinary confession which was necessary in order to give it due moral and legal weight with the jury. Judge Wood's instructions on that point are said to have inclined the jury to acquit. But they were sound law. The testimony of an accomplice peculiarly requires to be corroborated. And as no one ever charged that Haywood was even present at the murder of Gov. Steunenberg, and as the indictment against him was merely for conspiring to murder, it is not strange that the jury felt itself unable to condemn him to death on the evidence. We believe that the verdict will be generally accepted as one that, legally, ought to have been rendered.

This is not saying that Haywood should not have been arraigned, or that his long trial has been nothing but a failure. Moral results are often more valuable than legal findings; and the indirect moral consequences of this Haywood case are of enormous public importance. We can no longer charge him with personal guilt. A jury of his peers has found him innocent, in the eye of the law. But there is no doubt whatever that he belonged to a guilty, a murderous organization. The demonstration made of the methods of the Western Federation of Miners is one that stands, irrespective of the fate of the particular officer of it on trial. This story has been burned into the imagination and memory of the whole country —we may say, of the world. The fact that a labor union had for years made of itself a sort of terrorizing Mafia in five States, using guns and dynamite for argument, and murder for persuasion, has now been established up to the hilt. The Haywood acquittal has been called a "triumph for labor." Perhaps; but it is certain that the evidence brought out in the Haywood trial has affixed the blackest stigma to one branch of organized labor. To say Western Federation of Miners is to-day very much like saying the Camorra, or the Black Hundred.

In fairness, we would not deny that the lawlessness of the miners has been met by the lawlessness of the mine-owners. Brutality always breeds true to type. Murder provokes murder. Not till the whole story comes to be told, shall we know what a veritable reign of terror afflicted the mining regions for many years. Force was met with force. The "bull pen" was the rival of midnight assassination. Capital was as unscrupulous and as law-defying as labor. Brigands on one side were faced by bandits on the other. Due process of law was as much unknown in the mountains of Idaho and Colorado as in the mountains of Thessaly. It was a terrible period of ferocity, open assault, and secret murder, through which that section of the country has had to pass. The annals of Irish cruelty or Turkish fiendishness could scarcely exceed the misery and horror of those days of the reign in the mining States of tooth and claw.

Happily, we may now believe that a better day is dawning. Violence is both glutted and ashamed. The Federation of Miners has had its exposure and its warning. Scheming and ruthless mine-owners have been recalled to their senses. This great, orderly trial at Boisé must have a powerful effect in impressing upon men's minds the real bulwarks of justice, with the true safeguards of property. The law, impartially administered, is a better weapon for the maintenance of the right and the giving to every man his due, than bludgeon or pistol or knife can ever be. That is the great lesson; and it has been bitten into the minds of those who most needed it.

To complete the salutary work, the prosecution of the other indicted men should be pushed at once. It may not be possible to convict all or any of them, but the duty of the State is clear. They should each speedily have their day in court. If the prosecuting attorneys have further evidence against them, or against the Federation of Miners, they should produce it. And, then, in due time, the State should proceed to the condign punishment of Harry Orchard. It has been stated repeatedly in the trial that no promise of immunity was made to him. Senator Borah declared that Idaho would mete out justice to this self-confessed murderer. Orchard himself has testified that he fully expected to pay the penalty of his crimes. If ever there were a candidate for exemplary punishment, he is the man. Unless he is an arrant perjurer as well as criminal monster, he will plead guilty and save the State the expense of a trial. In this, and all ways still open to them, the authorities of Idaho should see to it that justice be done with a high resolve to take away the State's long reproach.

### *WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MINNESOTA?*

This is extraordinary news which comes from the iron-ore region of Minnesota, where the big strike of the miners is in progress. The citizens have actually dared to assert themselves! In the town of Ely, they went so far, and were so recklessly willing to be called un-American, that they held a mass-meeting, denounced the strike, condemned the violence of the labor leaders, and guaranteed protection to every man who wanted to go to work. And it is even stated that "all classes" joined in these treasonable proceedings. To crown their unheard-of audacity, the "business men" of Ely next undertook to curb the activity of one Lundstrom, an "organizer" for the Western Federation of Miners. They let him know that they regarded him as a seditious person; and presently he was escorted to the train by "a jeering crowd," and sent away. From several neighboring mining towns, the dispatches tell of similar unprecedented action. Citizens are coming forward to be sworn in as deputy sheriffs in order to put down a mob of organized labor. At Hibbing—queer name, but queerer doings—the Governor of the State met the strike leader and told him that troops would be sent at the first sign of disorder.

Who can fail to rub his eyes as he reads? These revolutionary Minnesotans are upsetting some of our most firmly established social and political principles. They positively believe in work! And with an effrontery which we had fondly hoped that no good Americans would ever again display, they arraign the miners' union for breaking its contract. Yet the very children in our schools know that it is now well settled that only employers are bound by a contract. These authorities in Minnesota—mayors and sheriffs and the Governor—must be an ignorant set. And that they are absolutely crazy, politically, any public man, from Oyster Bay to San Francisco, could tell them. Why, there are as many as 10,000 strikers. Most of them have votes. That ought to be decisive. And as for running a labor leader out of town, did these rash citizens of Minnesota once stop to consider that the man might soon be invited to a luncheon at the White House? They did not know but that he might be filled with statesmanlike ideas, changes in the laws or the Constitution, which would enable us all to live without working. Yet this embryo Gompers or Mitchell had to leave amidst general jeers!

This is plainly all wrong. Something must be the matter with Minnesota. Any one accustomed to the usual American practice cannot but suspect that some strange foreign whimsey has got possession of these people. We turn to the census, and we find that nearly one-third of the population of Minnesota is foreign-born—505,000 out of 1,750,000. That surely means something. It is certain that no such vindication of manhood, and resentment of dictation and outrage by labor unions, could occur in a State where the native stock was almost pure—in North Carolina, for ex

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ample, with only 4,492 foreign-born citizens. We have always feared that the great influx of Scandinavians into Minnesota boded no good, and now we see what it is leading to. If this goes on, our proud American tradition of knuckling down to organized labor, though it constitutes less than 2 per cent. of all labor, will soon be shattered. A further proof of the fact that Minnesota is wholly irregular, and really out of touch with the true American movement, is that she has, though normally Republican by a large majority, twice elected a Democratic Governor. People foolish enough to do that are capable of treating a violent labor union with disrespect. Moreover, they have absurd notions about the American tariff. They want it reduced. Gov. Johnson has been so wild as to say that tariff-revision is the chief issue in all the Northwest. Minnesota inflicted a crushing defeat upon one Representative, Mr. McCleary, who had the right idea about the sacredness and perpetuity of the Dingley tariff. This alone shows that the State is erratic and un-American; and prepares us to believe the worst about her rude trampling on the right of organized labor to intimidate and kill at pleasure.

In any case, something ought to be done. Minnesota's sister States cannot sit indifferently by and see her set up such startling innovations. Poison in the extremities affects the brain; and we may depend upon it that this bad example, far away though it be, will unhappily influence communities nearer the centre, unless steps be taken to counteract it. Why, if this Minnesota doctrine spreads, rioting and idleness may become unpopular elsewhere! If emphatic disapproval is not somehow visited upon the inhabitants of Ely and Hibbing, of Bovey and Taconte, a movement may start from those towns to insist upon workingmen being honest and earning their wages. Against such a threatening calamity, some vigorous measures ought plainly to be taken. There are various recourses. A Commission might be sent to darkest Minnesota. At the very least a Government agent should be dispatched—preferably Reynolds. As a last resort, a Presidential letter might be written; yet, grave as we feel the emergency to be, we do not believe it has reached an extremity calling for that desperate and little-used remedy. But, in some way or other, Minnesota ought to be given to understand that she is on the wrong track. For Americans to declare that their souls are their own; that they will not allow a great industry to be ruined by agitators; that the laws must be obeyed even by union organizers; that any man who desires to work will be protected by the whole power of the State—this will never do! Minnesota must somehow be led to see the error of her ways.

### THE "MONARCHICAL INSTINCT."

Albert Vandal, whose studies of the rise of Napoleon have conquered a name for him among historians, returns to his subject in a close analysis of the man as he was at thirty, First Consul of France. He has utilized the unpublished "Eclaircissements" of Cambacérès, who described in great detail the daily routine and the intellectual and political methods of the young general setting out deliberately to make himself master of France. Bonaparte's strongest passion, next to love of power and thirst for glory, was to reorganize the nation. Of a temper fundamentally despotic, he believed that he could reconstitute the state and cause it to return to the tradition of the only stable society which he knew anything about—a centralized and kingly government. M. Vandal acutely observes: "Napoleon had a republican imagination, but the monarchical instinct."

Those two elements have been mixed in many rulers, before and since. They have been active in varied political movements. An ardent desire for liberty and equality and free opportunity on the one hand, and a strong sense of order on the other, an impatient determination to regulate everything and to control everybody—these two principles seem often to struggle for mastery in men and nations. Attempts have been made to reconcile them, to cause them to work together harmoniously. This was the idea of the founders of Massachusetts, if we may credit the motto of their State. They sought *placidam quietem*, but they wished it to be *sub libertate*. In general, however, public policy lurches to one extreme or the other. We will have an era of intense individualism, but it is followed by a period of excessive collectivism. It is upon the latter that nearly the whole world seems now to have entered.

To the inherent nature of it no man should be blind. It allies itself with what M. Vandal calls the monarchical instinct. The royal conception of government is that of a felt presence in the daily life of every citizen, directing his activities, controlling his business, regulating his income, his expenditures, his manner of life; prescribing the limitations of his personal enterprise, taking from him the education of his children, telling him what he shall buy, what he shall eat and drink and wear, inspecting and certifying all that is his. This monarchical ideal has been clearly defined by writers on government from Aristotle down. It postulates a government agent standing at the side of every citizen to see to it that he behaves. In its restricting tendency, it is the direct opposite of the republican dream of unfettered expansion for all men.

There is no excuse for making any mistake about the classification of the political ideas which are now in the ascendant. The mania for regulating everything does not spring from a democratic root. It goes with the notion of minute control from above which is characteristically monarchical. The "manners of liberty," to use the phrase of Lemaître, know nothing of this impulse to constrict and hamper private initiative. Nor do they of the feeling that there must be no friction in the social and political world; that all must run smoothly; that the striving and experiments, and even the mistakes, of men acting freely under a free government are evils to be suppressed. We are not now saying that the ends aimed at by the universal regulators are not good. It may be that we all ought to be cut after one pattern, and that State-activity ought to be indefinitely multiplied. Only, we ought to leave ourselves in no doubt whence all this comes and whither it will go if unchecked.

If curious people were to look about the world to-day in search of men in high authority who have, with Napoleon, a republican imagination but the instinct of a monarch, examples would not be wanting. It is quite possible to be avid of popularity; to be a master of self-advertising; to play upon the hopes and fears, the credulity and the vanity, of millions; to set immense forces at work in the masses; and then to call one's self a democrat because one can make use of democratic forms and win the applause of the multitude. Still, facts remain facts, and logic is logic. To make the ruler's own will the standard, not only of law, but of right and wrong; to pose as the Little Father of the people; to hold a "bed of justice," like Louis XIV., and settle all disputes and apportion praise and blame, punishment and reward, out of abundant and infallible wisdom—all that is to conform to the kingly model, and to act on the monarchical instinct, whether one be called President or not.

Hope lies, however, in getting rid of the personal equation in all these matters. Outstanding personalities, with demonic energy, often disturb a normal political development. If it is ever to be possible to reconcile liberty absolutely with order, to cause the republican imagination to blend perfectly with the monarchical instinct, the process must come about through the large and free expression of the people's will. No dictator, conscious or unavowed, can do it successfully. That would mean that an individual's temporary whim could be made permanent law. But one can easily conceive of an alert and sensitive public opinion, working steadily through its representatives towards the enactment of laws which would continually express the best moral and humane sentiment of the day, and to which all would gladly submit because they had not been im-

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posed from above, but worked out from below in the fair debates and the deliberate choices of a free people.

### *AFTER KOREA—CHINA?*

It is hard to believe that so discreet an official as the foreign minister of so diplomatic a nation as the Japanese should have really made use of the uncalled-for and almost brutal threats against the Chinese Government, with which a Seul dispatch credits him. In the absence, however, of testimony to the contrary, Viscount Hayashi is on record as declaring that "the fate of Korea may be regarded by China as a lesson; it should be a warning to that country to put her house in order, ere some strong nation, whichever one might be moved so to do, imitates events in Seul. China's despotism, which is the worst form of government, must yet reach a crisis, as, when the present ruling mind is gone, the state will fall a prey to intrigues." Hard words like these ring especially unkind when we think of the zeal with which China is now engaged in the very task of putting her house in order.

Though the Empire is incapable, so far, of self-defence, it has made fair progress towards the creation of a standing army, and at the present day can count on some 100,000 well-drilled troops under the efficient control of Yuan-shih-Kai, viceroy of Chi-li. The old education has been abandoned in favor of modern learning, and the establishment of new schools is actively carried on. A strong upheaval of national feeling is making itself manifest in the popular demand, to which the Government has lent a willing ear, for the retention of railway and mining concessions in Chinese hands. This new national spirit finds expression in the columns of a rapidly growing native press, which, edited for the most part by young students from Japan, is never weary of proclaiming the Empire's self-sufficiency. Finally, there is the great anti-opium crusade, which is intended to strike at one of the roots of the country's misfortunes by freeing her ultimately from the curse of an enervated and corrupt mandarinate and a lethargic population.

Upon the basis of such signs of a China not only awakened but rejuvenated and Europeanized, most of the authorities agree in predicting wondrous things to come within a wondrously short time, each emphasizing that particular force now at work which seems to promise most for the future. Thus Mr. Putnam-Weale, who has written a large number of stout and well-informed volumes on the Far East, puts his trust mainly in the new army. Within twenty years he expects China to possess a modern standing force from half a million to three-quarters of a million strong, and equipped with arms and ammunition from the great Government factories at Han-kow. Others base their predictions on the new nationalism as especially revealed in an enlightened policy towards the construction of railways. To Noël Péri, writing in the *Revue de Paris*, the most significant fact is the progress made in the new education. There are now, he states, some 15,000 Chinese youths pursuing their studies in foreign lands, of whom 13,000 are at the Japanese universities, high schools, and technological institutions. As the average period of sojourn abroad is about two years, this means that some six or seven thousand students leave and return to China annually. The fact that about half of the travelling scholars are maintained at the expense of the central or the provincial authorities is cited as conclusive evidence of the sincerity of the Government in its attitude towards the new learning. In other words, like the anti-opium edict, and unlike most Imperial enactments in China, the comprehensive school regulations, issued in January, 1904, minutely reconstructing the educational system of the Empire, have not become a dead letter. On the contrary, their influence has stimulated private benevolence for educational purposes to an extraordinary degree. Almost everybody is warm with enthusiasm. "With the exception of a few Manchus, every one in China is a reformer," and native scholars are proclaiming that China is no longer old, that she is the youngest of the nations, "young, strong, and beautiful."

Let it be said at once that all these predictions of China repeating the example of Japan within as short a time, appear, after the first flush of enthusiasm, altogether too optimistic. It does not follow that, because the Viceroy of Chi-li has succeeded in creating an efficient army of 100,000 men, the same rate of progress will be maintained by other men than Yuan-shih-Kai and elsewhere than in Chi-li. It will take more than two decades to transform the ideals of a nation that has been bred for thousands of years in the domestic and non-aggressive virtues. It will take decades before the Chinese learn to build and manage their own railways. And it will take very many years before education has spread among the lower strata of the nation. Schools have been rapidly built in Chi-li, but the school attendance in the province is still less than 100,000 for a population of 20,000,000. New brooms are sweeping, and there are clouds of dust in the air, but the house that is to be put into order is so vast that only credulous hope can see it assuming within a generation the spick and span order of its neighbor across the way. We need only consider Russia's painful struggles towards complete occidentalism to realize how slowly the change must come in China.

What renders progress all the more difficult is the absence of a strong central government. The historic Chinese governmental policy has consisted in maintaining an equilibrium among the various provinces, with the least arrogation of power to the Government at Peking. In all Oriental empires the instinct for local self-government has been strong, and there is no great difference between the eighteen provinces and the loosely articulated satrapies of ancient Persia. To expect from the dynasty at Peking complete responsibility, such as modern states in their dealings assume to vest in their own sovereigns, is manifestly unfair; and to threaten Peking, as Viscount Hayashi has done, in the face of its late good behavior, is unjust. No one nation, of course, can step in and assume the mastery of the Empire, because the task is too big. The play of international politics will keep China intact for a long time to come, while she works out her destiny, not through her army, which will always be inferior to Europe's armed forces, but through her schools. The Powers should be content to let the Celestial Empire pursue a peaceful development.

### *A FEDERATED SOUTH AFRICA.*

From the moment when peace was signed with the Boers at Vereeniging in 1902, the union of Africa south of the Limpopo and Orange Rivers under one autonomous government might have been taken for granted. It was only a question of time. The British trend towards colonial federation, which had manifested itself in North America and Australia under the sole influence of internal causes, could not but run with greater force in South Africa, where was to be found the additional powerful stimulus of neighboring foreign territories and, consequently, foreign rivalry. The problem of federation could not, of course, enter the field of practical discussion so long as uncertainty existed about the conditions that would result from the establishment of self-government in the subjugated Boer republics. Now that events in the Transvaal have established clearly that the former subjects of Presidents Kruger and Steyn have made up their minds to recognize the accomplished fact in South Africa, the way has been made plain to intercolonial union. The ideal cherished by Cecil Rhodes is warmly advocated by Premier Louis Botha.

At the request of the Cape Colony Government, Lord Selborne, High Commissioner for South Africa, has recently published a memorandum which is an uncompromising plea for colonial federation. Lord Selborne sums up the situation by declaring that, whereas the people of the various South African colonies are as completely self-governing "as any free people in the world," the

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people of South Africa, integrally considered, enjoy no rights of self-government, for the very striking reason that they have "no South African Government with which to govern." The High Commissioner, who at present is charged with correlating and harmonizing the four different policies of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal, is responsible only to the British Colonial Secretary, and ultimately to the Imperial Parliament. He is not an independent authority; and taking, as he does, his orders from England, it is inevitable that the interests of South Africa should suffer either through lack of knowledge or possible lack of sympathy on the part of the home Government. Lord Selborne may here be thinking of the Chinese labor question and of the attitude of the British Cabinet towards anti-Asiatic, that is, anti-Indian legislation.

When we come down to details, we find conditions very similar to those which preceded Australian, Canadian, and even American unity. The colonies are quarrelling among themselves over their railway and customs arrangements, and are pursuing no settled policy in the all-important matter of legislation for the natives and the recruitment of native labor for the Transvaal mines. It is the Rand that constitutes the most potent unifying force in South Africa, since about it centre also the railway and the native labor questions; and it is an admitted fact that the prosperity of South Africa is very largely bound up with that of the Transvaal mines. Hence the bitter protests in Cape Colony and Natal against the railway policy of the Transvaal Government, which has greatly favored the foreign port of Lourenzo Marquez, on Portuguese Delagoa Bay, over the Cape harbors and Durban. On the other hand, the Transvaal has really been compelled to grant large concessions to Delagoa Bay in return for permission to gather native laborers for the mines in Portuguese territory, whither it has been driven by the vexatious regulations of its fellow-British colonies. In the matter of tariffs, though some sort of customs union is now in force, the arrangement is characterized as "a mere temporary compromise of local interests not based on any intelligible policy." Finally, the necessity of formulating a uniform policy that shall define the position of the white population of nearly 1,100,000, in face of almost four times as many natives, is extremely pressing. It was a factor which the American, Canadian, and Australian commonwealths did not at first have seriously to consider.

General Imperial considerations would naturally incline the British Government to favor the federation movement. From the Liberal point of view, it is only giving to the Afrikanders their just rights of self-government. To this the Tory might add, as the London *Times* argues, that the formation of another British Commonwealth must tend to further the cause of Imperial reconstruction, for which, it sadly admits, the time is not yet ripe, as the last Imperial Conference showed. But there are also special reasons applicable to South Africa. With Germany taking up her colonial burdens in a spirit of renewed determination, with great changes impending in the Congo, it is eminently desirable that the people of British South Africa should allow no advantage to possible rivals by pursuing dissentient policies.

A second advantage would be the closer reconciliation between Briton and Boer, which common participation in the upbuilding of a new commonwealth would undoubtedly bring about. A federal union could not favor one race above the other. The balance between the two is so evenly adjusted as to make the permanent preponderance of either impossible. In Cape Colony, for instance, the English Progressives are in power by a slender majority, but, on the other hand, the Boer majority in the Transvaal, closely analyzed, is not very strong. English Natal would counterbalance Dutch Orange River Colony. In other words, there is no reason why South African unity should not prove as effective a peacemaker between English and Dutch as Canadian unity has been between English and French.

The only feature to which the British Government may look forward with uneasiness is the complications that will result from a vigorous anti-Asiatic policy, such as a young South African federal Government is very likely to assume. As things are, the Imperial Government is hard put to it in exacting from her African colonies some measure of kind treatment for her Indian wards. It has been compelled recently to give its consent to a stringent Transvaal Colored Registration bill, aimed against Hindu immigrants. Natal is historically hostile to Asiatics. With Australia unceasingly active in baiting the Japanese, and Canada growing plainly hostile to them, Britain must look forward to a rather difficult time in keeping her mischievous young commonwealths from annoying her colored subjects and allies.

## *GROWING FLIPPANCY OF THE AGED.*

There was lately printed for private circulation the "Letters with Biographical Notes" of the first Sir James Stephen. He was the father of the better-known Leslie and Fitz James Stephen. An intimate friend of Macaulay, Carlyle, Hallam, Thirlwall, and other early Victorian writers, Stephen left many original and piquant notes concerning them. His phrase about Macaulay's conversation, but echoing the comment of many, was, "Tom talked like a cataract." Sir James, in fact, was often disappointed in the celebrities he met. "Authors and preachers," he once jotted down, "ought to be locked up like the Grand Lama." But we have been particularly struck by his remark about a certain breakfast, at which many of his most famous friends were present. At it, he said, the conversation was not enjoyable, because it was "too careless, thoughtless and light for men mostly above fifty."

Such a complaint would scarcely be conceivable nowadays. Years have long since ceased to bring the philosophic mind, in the sense of making those who carry them talk like a philosopher. Serious conversation is, rather, the mark of the young. One reason why crabbed age and youth cannot live together is that youth, of a certain sort, is apt to be depressingly solemn, while for true vivacity, jollity, and general devil-may-care, you have to go to men with whitening hair, or no hair at all. One of the characteristics of our age is that people refuse to grow old, whether gracefully or in any other way. There are no more old ladies, as was pointed out by a writer in the *Atlantic's* "Contributors' Club," not long ago. In their room, we have dashing grandmothers whom their delighted granddaughters vote to be "regular bricks." And if you ask who it is, at club or social gathering, that sets the table in a roar with his quips and wiles, ten to one you will find that it is some jolly, rubicund gentleman of sixty-five, or so, with a gray beard, who ought, according to the standards of a hundred years ago, to be looking out dismally on the world, and thinking dolefully of his own latter end.

Age is, after all, largely a matter of definition. Everything depends upon the conventions which rule at the moment. Men are as old as they are taught to think they are. It has been shown, we believe, that Shakespeare's "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," was about forty-six years of age. At that time of life, men are now winning golf-tournaments and making centuries at cricket. On the other hand, there have always been men who defied the flight of years, even in those pre-Osler days when it was supposed that fifty meant gravity and dulness. Dr. Johnson was one of these indomitable old men. When he put his head out of the window, at the sound of the roisterers below, at two o'clock in the morning, and said, "Are you there, boys?" after which he went out to finish the night with them, he was, if we remember aright, sixty-two.

Our growing numbers of sprightly old men, who "jest with all ease," in a way that Sir James Stephen would have thought most unfitting, and maintain a

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smiling, if wrinkled, front to the world, are probably due, in part, to what we may call the general retardation of life in our time. Men get out of the colleges and into the professions later than they used to do; they are farther on in years before they get on their feet in business; they marry later; hence it is not strange that they retire later. Slower in arriving on the scene, they naturally desire to linger there. If Gladstone, like Pitt, had been Prime Minister of England at twenty-four, he probably would not have insisted upon being so at eighty-five. "Youth will be served." But so will age, when you make it wait a long while.

What is changing most radically, however, is the tradition, not about years merely, but about puffed-up solemnity and an oracular pose at any age. If our youthful old men are often highly jocose and given to "light" conversation, it is partly because the world in general has come to laugh at the portentous man, whatever his years may be. Truth may be conveyed, and the lessons of experience enforced, by a man *quamquam ridentem*. This discovery has greatly eased off social manners. It is no longer necessary for a venerable Sir Oracle to call upon the company to mark his words while he shows them just in what ways the world is going to the devil. Whatever wisdom he has to impart, we have now learned, can be better insinuated by humor than hammered in by formal logic. The light touch, the playful wit, we have really found to be effective instruments of persuasion. Our best writers and speakers seek after them, and it is not strange if the aged like to arm themselves therewith. Let us not call our light-hearted old men flippant; rather, let us admire their debonair spirit, and confess that they add much to the world's enjoyment by facing its ills and blessings alike with a merry face. A joyful countenance, in old age as well as youth, doeth good like medicine; and we must not forget that with it may go as deep a philosophy of life, as true an appreciation of the mysteries of this unintelligible world, as could possibly be cherished underneath a sour and forbidding exterior.

## BOOKS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PARIS, July 18.

Of the making of books on the French Revolution there is no end, nor is there likely to be, until every least scrap of paper of the time has been duly scrutinized and printed. The result is not confusion, as the enemies of documentary history might suppose. All these private letters, court records, account books, diaries, and even the memories noted down or caught orally in later years, open windows on the inmost thoughts and feelings of men during the great upheaval. Taine, in one of his letters just published, insists on this "psychology" of French Revolutionists as the only key to the history which they made and are still making.

"Lendemains révolutionnaires," by Eugène Welvert, follows up the fate of the "regicides"—those members of the Convention who, for varying reasons, took it on themselves to vote the death of the King. All English readers know the pages in which Macaulay sought to fasten one of them—Barère—to a gibbet, from which no future historian could take him down. This latest writer is scarcely more tender, noting that, until his death in 1841, Barère spoke of the Terror "as of the simplest and most innocent thing in the world." Many of the regicides themselves perished under the guillotine. When Napoleon came to restore order, 369 were still living; more than a hundred of these withdrew into private life. This is a slight, but material addition to Taine's otherwise accurate statistics of the great number who took service under the Emperor, obeying all their life that same feeling of fear which had made them vote the death of the King. Most of those who survived went into exile when the Bourbons returned and seventy-two died there; after the next revolution, in 1830, there were forty-four still left to return to their country. The astounding vitality of these men of the Revolution went along with extraordinary longevity; sixty of the regicides died past eighty, and twelve past ninety. From new unpublished documents M. Welvert has traced in detail the existence of the more interesting among them. An example is the father of Philarète Chasles, who already appeared in his son's Memoirs as dying in 1826 in the utmost obscurity—"at odds with wife and children, with brothers and cousins, with heaven and earth." The judgment on Carnot is, perhaps, final—"without calculation or intrigue, the dupe and victim of the impression, I would almost say of the emotion, of the moment. He was a soldier and, in his patriotic zeal, thought—doubtless in good faith—that he had political abilities." The emotion of the moment was in too many cases nothing but fear—a part of the epidemic *Grande Peur*—which was recognized by one of its victims, André Chenier, in his wonderful pages on "the altars of Fear." It is only now that impartial minds are beginning to see into this secret of actions so human, yet so unnatural to men of ordinary civilized emotions.

The memoirs of that most illustrious tight-rope dancer, Madame Saqui (1786-1866), begin with a vivid episode of this blood-stained period. The little girl, who started on her career at the age of five, was a witness of the vile massacre of Marie Antoinette's friend, the Princess de Lamballe, whom she forever after remembered to have heard crying to her executioners—"Tigers, kill me!" The slow, cruel lubricity of this inhuman deed, and the real character of the "patriots" involved in it, have been finally worked out from the records of the time by Dr. Cabanès in his "Névrose révolutionnaire"; they explain both the great Fear and the consequent Terror, with a criminology surer than Carlyle's Puritanism or Taine's psychology. Madame Saqui grew up to happier days and became in turn *"première funambule* of His Majesty the Emperor and King (Napoleon)" and *"première acrobate* of His Majesty the King (Louis XVIII.)." She still danced under Louis Philippe and appeared for the last time, at the age of seventy-seven, for the Third Napoleon.

The new number in the series, edited by G. Lenotre—Mémoires et Souvenirs sur la Révolution et l'Empire—concerns the imprisonment and exile of the daughter of Louis XVI. She has been somewhat neglected in history as during life, perhaps by comparison with the tragedy of her brother's fate. The present book goes from the actual prison of the Temple to her virtual prison in Vienna, where she was the pawn of anti-Revolutionary politics, unable to find a common basis of action. Another volume reminiscent of the Bourbons is the life of the Countess, Louise d'Esparbès, by the Vicomte de Reiset. Her liaison for a lifetime with the future Charles X. left him after her death turned to the narrowest piety, and was in a way responsible for the Ordonnances that brought on the Revolution of 1830 and made the restored Bourbons forever impossible.

A once famous *cause célèbre* of this royal line is presented in all its details to the detective ability of modern readers in the new volume of the Enigmas of History—"Philippe Egalité et Monsieur Chiappini, histoire d'une substitution"—by Maurice Vitrac of the Bibliothèque Nationale, editor of the series. The issue involved Louis Philippe vitally; and Maria Stella persevered to her death in saying, especially to English friends, that she was the true child, while the other was only a substitute for inheritance sake; if not, whose child was she?

A. Aulard, the professor subventioned by the Paris municipality, at the Sorbonne, apparently with the aim of permanently confuting Taine, just as Queen Elizabeth is credited with founding a chair at Oxford for the permanent confutation of Bellarmine, gives the second volume of "Les Orateurs de la Révolution—la Législative et la Convention." The professor has also written a preface for the popular pamphlet, "La Révolution française et ses détracteurs d'aujourd'hui," by Léopold Lacour; this has a certain importance, as it belongs to the effort made to stem the tide of French thought turning away from the Revolution, to the dismay of its disciples who still govern the country.

"Souvenirs de ma vie militaire (1792-1822)," by Commandant Vivien, is a soldier's account of thirty years of his career, beginning with the final triumph of the Revolution and the uprising of France against all Europe and prolonged through the entire Empire down to the Restoration in its apparently successful years. Kellermann, a soldier of equal career, always said: "The infantry of the King's army made the Revolution."

A real find in history in the making is the "Cahier rouge"—pages which have always been missing from the valuable diaries of Benjamin Constant. They have been edited by a member of the family and give one of his journeys in England. This impecunious Swiss Protestant, educated in Germany and Scotland, became the chief theorist of "Liberalism" in France during and after the Revolution. Here we can see his ideas under formation and can already distinguish the variations which have led so far asunder the conceptions

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of liberty in democratic England and America and in republican France. To this day it is Benjamin Constant and not Tocqueville who defines liberty for the most moderate French republicans.

"L'Avènement de Bonaparte," by Albert Vandal of the French Academy, comes to an end with the second volume on the Consular Republic. Even those who stick closest to their Revolutionary guns and regret still the coming of Napoleon unite to praise the conscientious labor and impartiality of this historian. He has now completed this one period, wherein order arose from political chaos. S. D.

# Correspondence.

## VERROCCHIO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nothing to me improbable inheres in the theory that Verrochio owes a great deal to his most famous pupil; but to hint, as Mr. F. J. Mather, jr., does in the Nation of July 4, that Verrocchio owes more to Leonardo than Leonardo to Verrocchio, seems to me a critical extravagance which will tend to a very dangerous heresy, indeed—the theory, a not uncommon one, that Verrocchio is in some way an inferior artist. Your correspondent's statement of the general historical probabilities for the view of Verrocchio's pictorial activity as that of *entrepreneur* and designer, rather than executant, is so admirable that I wonder at what seems like an inadvertence in the larger issue of the fundamental relation between master and pupil. For nothing seems more significant in this relationship than the contribution of the master. Think Leonardo away as artist, and we lose, indeed, some of the most dramatic and ecstatic moments of Renaissance, or any, art. Think Verrocchio away, and we lose a member of the actual body of art, and leave it mutilated and incomplete. At the risk of more than heresy, of æsthetic blasphemy, indeed, and, lover of Leonardo as I am, I must say that Verrocchio is indispensable, and Leonardo, comparatively, is not; that Verrocchio, in the higher sense of the term, is the more classical and typical artist of the two.

It is not a question of personal *charisma*, but of æsthetic logic. It is a glorious thing to possess the phenomenal and exceptional essays of a universal genius in an art, but it is, in my opinion, for art and its constant and steady growth and use more important to possess perfect types of the normally active human capacity for beauty. Of such capacities Verrocchio is one of the best possible exemplars. Never reaching the extreme heights or depths of human experience, he moves serenely and potently in the mid-world of our common life, and limns for us its truth and poetry with no prophetic exaltation, indeed, but with unfailing virtue and sympathy. It is not a culminative and absolute art, but a cumulative essay. We do, or can, feel its general tonic inspiration, most of us; we accept its concrete imagery of actual conditions, and in the end, I think, we find it preëminently trustworthy and satisfactory.

Verrocchio, in his sculpture, in his drawings, in the Baptism, and, as seen through his only gifted pupils, Leonardo and (seemingly) Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, in pictorial design generally is typically *integer—artis—scelerisque purus*. His thought may be a little archaic, a little cut and dried; but it is real thought, it is thoroughly and seriously premeditated; it is true design, and, given the artistic premises, the stylistic syllogism is of the utmost force and cogency. In craft, where pupils do not intervene, one feels the certainty, the wisdom, the masculine robustness, the rightness of everything rather than sheer beauty. But Verrocchio's truth is never literal or microscopic, and it possesses the sober beauty of its organic and constitutional being. Always a realist, no epic imagination, no lyric rhapsody, is possible to the artist, but only the dramatic interpretation of a concrete world—to the invisible he is blind. Yet it was precisely this grasp of the near and tangible, this visual sanity, which was needed to make the dreams of Leonardo objective, and to direct the volatile Umbrian imagination in Perugino and Raphael (through Fiorenzo, who is the chief stylistic link between Florentine and central Umbrian art*) to a rational means of expression. Pollajuolo was too extreme and too narrow a realist to serve for this practical synthesis, this workable unification of ideals, and the historical importance of Verrocchio is correspondingly clear. As to his influence upon Leonardo, which is the question at present under consideration, I may say that the Adoration of the Kings demonstrates this very concretely. I may be allowed to say how, in explicit terms.

Except for the landscape drawing of 1473 (not 1478, as in your correspondent's letter), and perhaps the little Annunciation of the Louvre, we have nothing of Leonardo's which exhibits an independent initiative before 1478, the date of a signed drawing and of some other drawings which are probably of about that time. And as the Annunciation of the Louvre is rather an academic working out to compositional perfection of its Uffizi prototype than a fresh invention or an inspired or especially important product of Leonardo's imagination—in my opinion at least—the Adoration of the Kings of about 1481 may be taken to be the first great extant monumental example of the wizard of the Renaissance. And it is certainly one of the masterpieces. Leonardo's ambition is here wholly artistic.

Now, an analysis of the Adoration exhibits every compositional element to be traditional, in the Domenico Veneziano-Baldovinetti-Verrocchio inheritance. The arboreal middle distance with which Leonardo begins—significantly as landscape painter—the execution in detail of his colossal picture, the thing which determines the tonal rhythm of the piece, is traditional. The near horizon of the foreground, bounding the chief figurative group, is traditional. It is simply a modification and naturalization of the conventional architectural screen or parapet of the Early Renaissance. The centralization of the action and the definitely simple construction of the main features of the composition on symmetrical lines—all this is not only traditional, but essentially conventional, and less modern than the scheme of Signorelli's Pan, which is of an earlier date. And in formal arrangement every other motive in Leonardo's design—the architecture and the episodes of the background and the distant landscape—is not new, but old. The amazing sense of modernity, the magnificent effect of life and freedom which make us instinctively hail the Adoration of the Kings as a fresh creation, a gift of art from Heaven itself, and to class it at once as one of the supreme if unachieved masterpieces, are not due to any formal revolution in art, but rather to the vivification of a traditional art body with the personal emotion of a free mind. Leonardo modifies a well-worn form to express a new thought—essentially here in my opinion a thought of the elemental and intangible envelope of atmosphere and the space suggestion as symbolic of his human theme. With Giotto and Masaccio he is especially a poet of the pictorial setting—the landscape—and it is in this that his work constitutes a new type and style. If we remove Leonardo's figurative foreground, his whole "historical" theme, from this work, the work still exists almost intact as to its significance and its visible body. Try the experiment and see.

The traditional character of this work is, in fact, its chief note as compared to Signorelli in the Pan, or to Giorgione in the Concert Champêtre. That Leonardo owes his objective robustness to Verrochio's influence, and that the severe training of his youth in accepted types of composition and design was necessary for his development, seem to me not only indisputable, but matters of æsthetic fact upon which we cannot too strongly insist. Whistler's dictum of the accidental character of art and the loose eclecticisms prevalent in modern art generally, which arise from such a quarter-truth, need such great historic instances for their refutation.

I think that the limitations of his pictorial ideal must have been recognized by Verrocchio, and that when Leonardo pointed out the bolder and better way, nothing was more natural than that Verrocchio's catholic judgment should be the first to applaud and encourage his gifted pupil. At the time, however, say about 1473, when the Baptism must have been composed, Verrocchio was nearly forty years old. He had put his heart and soul into the noble design of the Baptism. It was and is, however, manifestly, considered as a whole, the art of a born sculptor, but of an indifferent painter. If, as the story goes, Verrocchio had eye enough to see that Leonardo's share of the background and execution was of a type of art into which his own magnificent but too definitely articulated and elaborated plastic forms did not fit, it is easy to understand that he never cared to paint more. If he was piqued, as Vasari says, it would be only human. That he was man enough to be unresentful, is proved by Leonardo's living with his master for

*It is impossible, with the picture at Fenway Court, the Madonna at Berlin of 1481, and a fragment at Nantes in mind, not to believe that Fiorenzo must have actually worked in Verrocchio's atelier. Perugino is clearly a pupil of Fiorenzo, and it seems possible to me that Vasari confused the two masters, both of Perugia, for want of information as to the earlier one. The attribution of this type of work to Fiorenzo is based upon tradition. It is obviously intermediate between Verrocchio and Perugino, and by some master to whom Perugino owes very important elements of his style—as his early draughtsmanship and his type of landscape. The important fragment at Nantes is published in the *Rassegna d'Arte*, by F. M. Perkins.

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some years after the latest date which it is possible to give to the Baptism.

Everything seems to favor the theory that, although Verrocchio accepted commissions for painting and competed for public works in the art, he actually executed in color little or nothing of importance. He was paid for the Pistoia altarpiece; but it is admittedly painted by Di Credi, in large part. In my opinion the execution of the picture in color is entirely Di Credi's. And I know not of a square inch of *painting* which is accepted by a consensus of criticism as Verrocchio's.

And yet, through the influence of his designs alone, and the existence of the Baptism and of certain universally accepted, although unauthenticated, drawings, and by the vision of his sculpture, I venture to think that no other personality in Italian art than Verrocchio's is more definitely present to us as we name his name. If we, some of us, give his reputed paintings to Leonardo—eliminating secondary artists like Botticini and Di Credi—it does not rob, but rather crowns Verrocchio's personality. If we also think of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo in the beautiful picture at Fenway Court, as an Umbrian scholar or at least learner, who transmits the solid science of Florence to Perugia, and thus contributes to the education of the Urbinate, the honor of Verrocchio might even be confined to these his followers and yet be of the highest. If the master learned from the chief scholar, as I believe that he did, it is but one rare honor more. But he taught that scholar first, and taught him the foundation of all art, which is truth. It is not one of the least merits of Maud Cruttwell's book on Verrocchio that she reads Verrocchio's title clear as a teacher, and this issue is more important than any disputed authorship.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Richmond, Mass. July 9.

## THE IRISH COUNCILS BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your note in the *Nation* of June 27 on the "delightful inconsequence" of the Irish Nationalists in deciding "to break off relations with the English Liberals" shows a misapprehension of the facts. There is no "new policy." The Irish party remain, as before, independent of both the great English parties. In the interest of Irish Catholics in England they opposed the Liberal Education bill of last session, and during the debates on that their relations with the Liberals were just as much broken as now. After that profuse promises and intimations were made to them of financial, administrative, and educational reform to be carried out this session. Many promises impair confidence, and, as the session passed, it became evident that these would result in no action. A Prime Minister is not omnipotent, and personally there can be no doubt of the honesty of Campbell-Bannerman, but it is well known that five of the eighteen members of the British Cabinet refused to agree to such extensions of the Irish Council bill as would have made it possible for the Nationalists to accept it.

Campbell-Bannerman had to choose between parting with these five members, and so breaking up his Government, or offering a measure which had a semblance of carrying out Liberal promises, but which was almost certain to be rejected. His Government has a mandate to carry out certain British reforms, and cannot be expected to destroy itself for the sake of Ireland.

Owing to the conservative element in the Cabinet, and the archaic and dilatory procedure of Parliament, this Government, with an enormous majority, is unable to pass even British measures, is proving itself so powerless that not only Irish but many Radicals and Labor members are despairing of its competency to effect universally demanded reforms.

The rejected Irish Council bill has been generally misrepresented by the English press. There was to be a council with a sufficient number of members nominated by the British Government to turn the scale against the elected members. If this was not enough to secure anti-popular administration, the lord-lieutenant could annul any proposal of the council.

The function of the council was to pay away four out of the eleven millions sterling of Irish raised revenue; not to spend them, for the allocation of these four millions was practically settled by the existing laws, and very little discretion was vested in the council as to the expenditure. There was no room for economy, but much need for a larger expenditure on the services to which these four millions were allocated. The council had no control over those services in which economy is needed and is possible, the police, the judiciary, the civil service generally.

In view of the additional expenditure which the council would have to undertake, and in face of the report of the Financial Relations Commission (accepted as correct by the Liberal Government) that Ireland is overtaxed by not less than three millions sterling a year, the bill proposed to allocate £600,000 to the new council for certain definite purposes.

Such a council would soon have become discredited with the people, for its restricted powers would have made it impotent for administrative reform. It would have been difficult to get capable men to accept membership of such an emasculated body. It would not have relieved the British Parliament of the time now spent on Irish questions, or attempted legislation, and it would not have set Irish members of Parliament free from the necessity of attendance at Westminster.

The revenue raised in Ireland is between eleven and twelve millions sterling, and owing to the circumstances of the country this taxation, mainly indirect, falls more heavily on the poorer classes in Ireland than in England. The Irish pay, but the British Parliament decides how the revenue is to be spent.

Does it not appear reasonable, as often proposed by Irishmen, that, after a fixed contribution to any Imperial services that are beneficial to Ireland, the balance of revenue should be spent and administered by Irishmen as the Irish people think best, instead of being, as generally admitted, misspent by persons ignorant and careless of the wants and wishes of Ireland.

The Irish revenue having been raked into the British exchequer, most Englishmen think that all Irish expenditure voted by Parliament is a spending of British money on a discontented and ungrateful people. What the Irish party have consistently asked for is that Ireland alone should determine how the Irish revenue should be spent. The rejected Council bill gave no such power, and was condemned beforehand in Campbell-Bannerman's own words. "I defy," he said, "the wit of man to give Irishmen any control, any effective voice, any management of their own affairs, unless there is an executive responsible to a body in which the elective element shall have a decisive voice."

AN IRISHMAN.

Dublin, July 8.

[The concluding citation from Campbell-Bannerman gives point to our original comment. Is it not "inconsequent" for a Home Rule party to break off relations with a Prime Minister who expresses such deep agreement with it, in order to work for Mr. Balfour, who has said that under no circumstances would he consider the possibility of Home Rule for Ireland? On the composition of the proposed Irish Council, we merely remark that Mr. Birrell's bill provided for 24 nominated members, but 82 elected members.—ED. NATION.]

## SEPARATE CARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The career of the *Nation* has been marked, in the main, by fairness towards the Southern people in discussing the race problems, which, for more than forty years, have vexed the souls of the wisest and the best all over the Union. To the Northern man, that question is, largely, one of abstract right, but the Southerner is confronted daily with it practically, and in the concrete, in every imaginable shape. Now, in the *Nation* of July 11, in an editorial on a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission upholding the "Jim Crow" car law, you say: "As men of intelligence, they [the interstate commerce commissioners] know perfectly well that nowhere in the South are the 'Jim Crow' accommodations equal to those given to the whites, either in cleanliness or sufficiency."

The writer cannot speak from personal knowledge of other Southern States, but, as a citizen of Texas for thirty-five years, he can confidently assert that you are in error as to Texas, and, upon information and belief, as to the South generally. The "Separate Coach" law was enacted in Texas in 1891, and provides that the "separate coaches shall be equal in all points of comfort and convenience." (R. S. of Texas, Art. 4,509.)

It is not uncommon for a white passenger, not observing the sign on the car "For Negroes," to take a seat in the coach set apart for them, there being nothing to indicate the difference between the coaches for the two races in the conveniences or the comforts of the car, and to retain the seat until the conductor or porter reminds him of his mistaken location. The writer, whose profession as a lawyer requires more or less travelling, has several times made that mistake, and has never observed any difference between the coaches for the two races, in point of comfort and convenience. If any rail-

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way company should discriminate, it cannot be doubted that the Texas Railroad Commission in the case of an intrastate traveller, and the Interstate Commerce Commission in the case of an interstate traveller, would promptly correct the wrong. The writer has never heard of any complaint by negroes, in Texas, that their coaches were not equal to those for the white race, "in all points of comfort and convenience." Non-compliance with the Texas law makes a railroad company liable to a penalty, in a suit by the State, of not less than $100, nor more than $1,000, "for each and every such failure." (R. S. of Tex., Art. 4512.) No one who knows the Railroad Commission of Texas, and the Texas people, will doubt either that the commission would be prompt to vindicate any violation of this law by the railways, or that juries would speedily return so many verdicts against the offending roads that disregard of the law would be extravagant folly.

The writer has not examined the laws of other Southern States, and, not being an editor, does not know them ex-officio, but it was asserted by Senator after Senator from sundry Southern States, during the last session of Congress, that like laws prevailed in their States, and that the coaches for each race were alike in point of comfort and convenience. If anywhere there is inequality in these respects, good men everywhere will rejoice to see the evil corrected, for it is not less the law than it is a principle of natural right, that for the same charge equal accommodations should be furnished to all.

Passing from your proposition that "nowhere in the South are the 'Jim Crow' accommodations equal to those given to the whites," may I add a word on the general subject of "separate coaches" for the white and black races? The origin of the separate coach laws in the various Southern States is believed to be substantially alike in them all. From the close of the civil war until 1890 in Louisiana, until 1891 in Texas, and until within the past seven or eight years in Virginia, the white and colored people were carried in the same coaches. It was found, from this experience of many years, that the commingling of these two races was the frequent occasion of breaches of the peace, and not seldom of murder. The fault was sometimes with one race and sometimes with the other. As a police measure, in order to preserve the public peace, the various Southern States believed that reason and the experience of many years demonstrated it to be the exercise of a discriminating and sound judgment to separate the races on railway cars. Hence the separate coach laws. The writer believes there are few people who, remembering the results of commingling the races, do not applaud these laws.

As to whether the separate coach law is an outrage upon the colored people, the writer is content to close this communication with a quotation from the opinion of Justice Brown, delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Plessy vs. Ferguson, 163 U. S., page 551, upholding the validity of the Separate Coach law of Louisiana, enacted in 1890:

> We consider the underlying fallacy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of any thing found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it. The argument necessarily assumes that if, as has been more than once the case, and is not unlikely to be so again, the colored race should become the dominant power in the State Legislature, and should enact a law in precisely similar terms, it would thereby relegate the white race to an inferior position. We imagine that the white race, at least, would not acquiesce in this assumption. The argument also assumes that social prejudices may be overcome by legislation, and that equal rights cannot be secured to the negro except by an enforced commingling of the two races. We cannot accept this proposition. If the two races are to meet upon terms of social equality, it must be the result of natural affinities, a mutual appreciation of each other's merits and a voluntary consent of individuals.

F. D. MINOR.

*Beaumont, Tex., July 22.*

[We are glad to have so favorable a report from Texas, but know no reason to modify our statements as to "Jim Crow" accommodations elsewhere.—ED. NATION.]

# Notes.

The life of "William Thomas Arnold," by Mrs. Humphry Ward and C. E. Montague, reviewed in the *Nation* July 18, is now added to the regular importations of Harper & Bros.

Sir George Trevelyan has completed the third part of his history of "The American Revolution," and it will be issued early in the autumn by Longmans, Green & Co.

John Murray has in press a verse translation of "Virgil's Messianic Eclogue," with essays by Joseph B. Mayor, Warde Fowler, and R. S. Conway.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon have ready a book on "The Salon," by Miss Helen Clergue, which is said to give an intimate picture of Mme. Du Deffand, Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. d'Épinay, and Julie de Lespinasse. The same house is about to issue the second volume of Prior's Works in the Cambridge English Classics.

Paul Elder & Co. announce a new series, the Abbey Classics, each volume of which will contain a famous poem. The first group will be Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," and Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." Another series of Western Classics will be devoted to "gems from the literature of the Pacific Coast."

To their Handy Volume Classics Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have added "Best American Tales," edited by Trent and Henneman; Thoreau's "Cape Cod"; "Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi"; "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius"; Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"; and Browne's "Religio Medici." The series now includes 183 volumes.

Prof. Max Th. W. F. Förster has taken the editorship of the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch," in place of Professor Keller, resigned.

At his death J. K. Huysmans left the completed manuscripts of three volumes dealing with three of the old churches of Paris. They will be published this autumn.

In the "Jahrbuch der Bücherpreise," bearbeitet von C. Beck (Leipzig: Harrassowitz), continental Europe has at last found a counterpart of the English and American "Book Prices Current." The first volume, for the year 1906, covers not more than thirty-two auctions, chiefly in Germany and Paris, with a few from Holland, with altogether 3,901 titles. The arrangement is alphabetical; as a rule, no book has been included that did not fetch ten marks; lots of miscellaneous contents have been omitted. The most important article is Luther, with 863 titles, carefully edited with references to the Weimar edition of his works, as well as to standard bibliographies. The next largest article is Goethe, with 100 titles. Further, Erasmus, forty-two titles; Melanchthon, thirty-nine titles; Lessing and Schiller, thirty titles each. There are a few Americana, six of the Usselinx books, three by Las Casas, etc.

James Duff Brown's "Manual of Practical Bibliography" (London: Routledge) fills a real gap. Since Horne's "Introduction to the Study of Bibliography" (1814) no authoritative treatise on the subject has appeared in English, and few in other languages. Mr. Brown treats with authority, as well as with common sense, such topics as Title Pages and Colophons; Place of Publication; Dates and Chronograms; Pagination, Signatures, Sizes, Collation, etc. The chapter on Compilation of Bibliographies and Catalogues as also the Rules and Examples for Book Description and for the Compilation of Bibliographies are especially a valuable discussion of the principles that underlie the scientific description of books. The introduction is written with force and conviction, although it would have carried conviction better if it had not been disfigured by the many and at times savage onslaughts on those who represent other points of view than his own. In a new edition, the list of names of cities might well give place for amplification of the glossary of terms, a most useful and much needed feature of the work. The chapter on Guides and Aids to Books and their Description is suggestive enough to the beginner, though too many foreign bibliographies are conspicuous for their omission. The most serious defect in this chapter is the inclusion of a list of twenty-eight "Special Bibliographies" on twenty-two different subjects, neither the subjects nor the bibliographies being particularly significant even as examples.

The Biblia Pauperum, the famous manuscript mentioned by Lessing, but which had since been lost track of, has again been found in the Ducal Library in Wolfenbüttel, of which Lessing, in his day, was in charge. During the entire nineteenth century no trace of this manuscript could be found. This is explained by the German papers by the fact that it was bound in one volume with a manuscript of the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis." The manuscript contains 38 pages and the same number of groups, among the latter four not found anywhere else. It is finely illustrated, especially with pictures from the Old Testament. It was rediscovered by Dr. J. Lutz of Illzach.

We note the completion of two works to which, during the course of their publica-

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tion, we have from time to time called attention. The first is the supplement and index to the "Dictionnaire international des écrivains du monde latin," by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis. The original work exceeded by some 500 pages the limit the editor had calculated, and this supplement contains nearly 200 pages more. Prof. de Gubernatis announces his intention of publishing an "Annuario del Mondo Latino," to serve as a yearly supplement to this Dictionary, and to provide a sort of "Who's Who?" for the literary *Monde Latin*—a world which, by the way, he construes very liberally (Rome: Published by the Author, 11 Via S. Martino). The second work is the twelfth (introductory) volume of the "Atti del Congresso Internazionale di Scienze Storiche," held at Rome in April, 1903. The "Atti" contain many papers of importance in many fields, besides that of history proper. The compilation of these voluminous proceedings has been in charge of Comm. Giacomo Gorrini, general secretary of the congress, and now director of the Archivio di Stato, at Rome.

There is no getting away from the fascination of a tale of exploration. The story may be wretchedly told; the writer may fail utterly to put into words what he has felt and seen; yet the reader, endowed with imagination, must catch between the imperfect words vivid glimpses of the wilderness, of nameless rivers whose sparkling waters are far removed from every touch of civilization, of lakes that have never yet been placed upon the map, waterfalls, and forests, and mountain peaks, all clothed in that atmosphere of romance that belongs to the unknown. When a story bearing this inherent charm is also well told, it is worthy of more than passing mention. Dillon Wallace's "Long Labrador Trail" (Outing Publishing Co.), a sequel to his "Lure of the Labrador Wild," is unquestionably such a narrative. In it he describes his expedition through the heart of the Labrador peninsula, from Hamilton Inlet to Ungava Bay, from Northwest River Post of the Hudson's Bay Company to Fort Chimo, and back again. The outward journey was by canoe to Lake Michikamau, thence down the practically unexplored George River to Ungava; the return journey by dogs led around the bleak, rugged Labrador coast. One gets from this narrative perhaps a clearer picture than has ever before been available of the characteristics of one of the least-known quarters of the Continent. The journey was an eventful one, not without danger, and demanding a good deal of pluck, energy, and resourcefulness. It is just a little to be regretted that the narrative should be marred by an occasional note of —well, melodrama. Mr. Wallace takes himself and his achievement a trifle too seriously. When one remembers that explorations of at least equal difficulty and importance are carried through year after year by the officers of the Canadian Geological Survey, without the most remote suggestion of a flourish of trumpets, one finds the grandiloquence of Mr. Wallace's Introduction rather trying. Putting aside, however, this one slight blemish, the narrative is both interesting and valuable. A number of excellent photographic and other illustrations lend it an additional charm.

Possibly the best commendation which could be given for Joseph H. Adams's "Outdoor Book for Boys" (Harpers) lies in the fact that two little boys of the reviewer's family seized upon it and successfully constructed a Chinese kite according to its directions, before it had been in the house six hours. The volume seems to be eminently adapted to turning into profitable channels the considerable amount of playtime which a growing boy needs for his best development, but cannot well afford absolutely to throw away, so far as training for the future is concerned. The boy who gets interested in making his own sleds, toboggans, wigwams, pergolas, etc., is a much easier problem than the one who knows no source of supply but the shop. Many of Mr. Adams's suggestions are such as may be carried out with only the simplest tools, which every household needs whether it has boys or not, and with comparatively cheap materials. The first division of the book deals with the making of such things as children may enjoy within the bounds of a city home. In the next division, coasters, skees, snowshoes, kites, fishing-tackle, water-wheels, and other paraphernalia of field sports are considered. Boating is taken up in the next division, and finally life in the woods, including camping, trapping, the building of tree-huts, etc. In every case full and easily intelligible directions are given by which the boy may construct almost every part of his outfit for himself. We have seen no book of the kind so thoroughly practical and so well adapted to its aims as this.

The little "Glossaire des Classiques français du dix-septième siècle" (Paris, Hatchette), by M. Edmond Huguet of the University of Caen, deserves high praise. It contains in a single volume the chief words which have become archaic, and those more numerous and more treacherous ones, the meanings of which have been modified in the course of time. The definitions are based on Furetière, Richelet, and the first edition of the Dictionary of the Academy, and the author has sifted the chief modern glossaries of special writers, such as Godefroy's Corneille, Livet's Molière, and the Grands Ecrivains series. Each word is accompanied by numerous examples drawn from the texts. The book contains a great deal of information which can elsewhere be found only in more expensive and less handy volumes, and should be in the possession of all teachers and serious students of seventeenth-century French.

Mrs. Colquhoun Grant has chosen as subject of her "Queen and Cardinal" (E. P. Dutton) the mystery clinging to the relations of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin. The problem of their reputed marriage, which even this work does not solve, is framed in a series of chapters dealing with the social life of the first half of the seventeenth century. The romance of Buckingham's love, the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, the marriage of Marie de Gonzague to the King of Poland, the intrigues of the Fronde, the schemes of Mazarin to increase his power through his nieces, the attachment of Louis XIV. for Marie Mancini are among the incidents chosen. The period, as Dumas and Alfred de Vigny have shown, affords rich material for the novelist, and many of the fair intriguers of the day, like Madame de Longueville, or like Madame de Chevreuse wandering about France disguised as a cavalier, seem to have stepped from the pages of fiction. Mrs. Grant has a knack of picturesque description, and of selection from contemporary writers of memoirs such as Madame de Motteville. Her volume should be attractive to those who, while interested in the bypaths of history, wish their study made easy.

We all know that growing section of the reading public whose attitude towards books is much like that of the Parisian diner-out listening to the suggestions of the maître d'hôtel. "Queen Hortense and her Friends," by Miss I. A. Taylor (Scribners), is one of a class which our literary maîtres d'hôtel are at the present moment placing on the menu with great regularity, and it is meant for those numerous readers whose mental energy is insufficient to take them straight to such delightful works of a past generation as the Memoirs of Méneval or of Madame de Rémusat. The author has been to these and a few other similar sources, culled the best anecdotes, put them into English, and, adding some well-chosen illustrations for sauce, served up a dish which is not bad of its kind. But although Miss Taylor affects the pose of the historian, let not the unwary be taken in; she clearly has done little else than get together enough picturesque material for her purpose; and she is not always even aware of the real authorship of the Memoirs from which she gives excerpts. Translation from the French betrays the author into unpleasant Gallicisms, but the book is readable, though not in the least authoritative.

Carl Trübner, of Strassburg, who recently died at the age of sixty-two, was not only a publisher of international fame, but also a scholar and a savant. He was born in Heidelberg, but received a good deal of his training in London, in the book concern of his uncle, Nicolaus Trübner. His publications were almost all scientific, in recognition of which fact the Strassburg faculty gave him the degree of Ph.D., *honoris causa*. Probably best known in the academic circles of the world of all his publications is the international university annual "Minerva."

The death is announced of Dr. Cäsar Barazetti, professor of Roman law at the Roman Catholic University of Freiburg, in Switzerland. He has a number of legal works to his credit, including studies of the Code Napoléon.

The Rev. William Gunion Rutherford, LL.D., formerly headmaster of Westminster School, has just died in his fifty-fifth year. He was known, outside of his work in the school, as the author of a number of books on Greek philology, among them being "The New Phrynichus," "Thucydides, Book IV.," the first recension of Herondas, and his "Scholia Aristophanica" in three volumes. As headmaster he at first aroused some ill-will by his radical attitude toward certain of the cherished traditions of Westminster, but in the end he won the entire respect of the pupils.

## MAKERS OF CANADA.

*Lord Dorchester.* By A. G. Bradley. Toronto: Morang & Co.

*Wilmot and Tilley.* By James Hanney. Morang & Co.

There is no further reason for bringing

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these two volumes together than that they both come within the Makers of Canada series. Lord Dorchester belongs to the era of Wolfe and the American Revolution. Wilmot and Tilley were sons of New Brunswick, who flourished in or after the middle years of the last century. As historical figures, moreover, the three men are of disproportionate stature. Dorchester, apart from his share in the Quebec Act and the Constitutional Act, was the soldier who repelled the invasion of 1775. By virtue of service in both peace and war he is distinctly the most striking actor in Canadian affairs from the Cession to 1837. L. A. Wilmot and Sir Leonard Tilley, while endowed with excellent parts, were of provincial rather than national importance. Tilley, it is true, became minister of finance in the Federal Government, and Wilmot made a deep impression upon his American hearers at the Portland Railway Convention of 1850. But, speaking broadly, they were denied the field for the exercise of their talents that Dorchester possessed.

There is one serious disadvantage under which Mr. Bradley labors, and any future biographer of Carleton will be hampered in the same way. Lady Dorchester destroyed all her husband's correspondence, and for this reason we are thrown back on his official acts, together with the state papers which grew out of them. It is a great pity that circumstances should thus have denied us the means of approaching Carleton in private life, for from his justice, his humanity, and his breadth of outlook he is almost certain to have left in his letters a worthy record of the inner life which official correspondence can never disclose. Few can rise from the study of his public career without being moved by admiration for the *mens æqua in arduis* which shone through all his deeds. That we should know so little of his private tastes and aspirations must ever remain a source of deep regret.

Guy Carleton was born in County Down and belonged to one of those Anglo-Irish families who have given Ulster its fame for energy and resourcefulness. His whole life prior to 1766, when he arrived in Quebec to take charge of Canada, Mr. Bradley is able to dismiss in four pages. He had entered the army in 1742 at the age of eighteen, distinguished himself under Wolfe during the siege of Quebec, and in 1762 had been prominent at the siege of Havana under Albemarle. With a training purely military, he had arrived on the banks of the St. Lawrence at the age of forty-two, to administer a region in which political problems were many and acute. With one of these his name will continue to be more closely associated than it is with any feat of arms save the defence of Quebec against Arnold and Montgomery.

We refer here to the question of race as affecting legislation. Carleton found more than 60,000 French Canadians in collision with three or four hundred English settlers, who had entered Canada in the train of Wolfe's victorious army. The newcomers despised the French for their ignorance, superstition, and backwardness. But, if we may believe Gen. Murray, the first English Governor of Canada, the French Canadians were far more desirable citizens than their critics. It was in Carleton's time, however, that the British Government took the grave step of deciding in favor of the conquered French as against the handful of Englishmen whom trade had brought from the American colonies to Montreal.

An intelligent outsider like Siegfried finds the *noeud vital* of Canadian politics in the race question. Undoubtedly, the era of Carleton was a critical moment in that the British Government was forced to decide whether the French Canadians should be Anglicized by the abrogation of their ancient laws, or whether an attempt should be made to keep them loyal through generous treatment. At present, when the filling-up of the Northwest bids fair to depress the political influence of Quebec, the English Canadian often laments that a clean sweep was not made of French institutions, and the French language during the first generation after the Cession. But, apart from the inferior character of the English then living in Canada, and the harshness of abrogating usages which were dear to a vast majority of peaceable citizens, Carleton could see no reason why the future should exact from him an act that to the present must seem cruel. In other words, he cannot be accused of having shut his eyes to consequences for the sake of adopting a purely opportunist policy.

Events have shown that in one important regard Carleton argued from false data. Like all good administrators he was inclined to lay stress upon what seemed reasonable, upon what might be called good business. Here one capital consideration was ever in his mind. Canada, he thought, would never be occupied in any real sense by the English. The fur trade might bring a few of them to the cities, but they would never seize upon the open country or be more than a fragment of the population. The passage which best sums up his views on the subject occurs in the letter of November, 1767, to Lord Shelburne. European emigrants, he says, "will never prefer the long inhospitable winter of Canada to the more cheerful climate and more fruitful soil of his Majesty's southern provinces." As for the English at present in Canada, they have drifted in mainly through accident, and have not the qualities required of permanent settlers. More important still is the following sentence:

> But while this severe climate and the poverty of the country discourage all but the natives, its healthfulness is such that these multiply daily, so that barring a catastrophe shocking to think of, this country to the end of time must be peopled by the Canadian race, who already have taken such firm root that any new stock transplanted will be totally and imperceptibly hid among them, except in the towns of Quebec and Montreal.

These words, it will be noticed, were written sixteen years before the Loyalists began their emigration into the Wilderness, and the political movement which led to their exodus could not well have been foreseen in 1767. At the same time Carleton was far from having the prophetic sense which enabled Talon, Frontenac, and La Salle to realize what might be the fortunes of the Laurentian valley in conjunction with the vast western region to which it led. Had he known the West at first hand, his diagnosis of the situation might have been quite different, but in estimating the merit and faults of his policy it must be grasped as a cardinal fact that for Carleton in 1767 Canada was a land which extended from Tadousac to Lake St. Louis.

We lay chief stress upon Carleton's attitude towards the question of race and institutions, because he was mainly instrumental in shaping conditions which affect the daily life of Canada at this moment. As a soldier, he is most conspicuous for his defence of Quebec against American attack, but potentially he was a greater general than can be gathered from any survey of what he actually accomplished. Save for Lord George Germain and Sir John Burgoyne, he might have taken a leading part in the Revolutionary War at a juncture when the British cause had not yet been lost through the lack of qualities which Carleton possessed. His humanity in the conduct of warfare is recorded in the journals of the men who followed Arnold, and also by those who came in contact with him during the closing months of the Revolutionary War, when he had been sent to replace Clinton.

As Carleton's biographer, Mr. Bradley starts out with a good general knowledge of Canadian history. In the structure of his book he has been careful to avoid small issues for the sake of discussing at large the problems which were presented to the British during their first occupation of Canada. There is still ample room for many a monograph on topics which Mr. Bradley touches but lightly; for example, the causes and circumstances of the friction between Carleton and Burgoyne. When twenty or thirty studies, each of them as long as Mr. Bradley's whole book, have been written on the period which is covered by Carleton's residence in Canada, a somewhat fuller and surer biography can be produced. But in the meantime Mr. Bradley's life of this eminent man will do good service, and one can say with confidence that it is much better than all save a very few of the volumes in the series to which it belongs.

In Mr. Hannay's sketch of Wilmot one is first given a sad account of public life in New Brunswick, as it was before the people of that province battled for responsible government: "The two Odells, father and son, held the office of provincial secretary for sixty years. . . . . One of the greatest offices in the province—that of the surveyor-general, was held by one person for thirty years, and this individual was in no sense responsible to any authority in New Brunswick, except the Governor. Those in power at that day were very fond of expatiating on the glories of the British Constitution, and the privileges that people enjoyed under it. But nothing less like the British Constitution can be imagined than the system which then prevailed in the British North American Colonies. As late as 1845 Sir William Colebrooke, just one week after the death of Mr. Odell, appointed his son-in-law, Alfred Reade, who was a native of England and a stranger to the province, to the vacant office of provincial secretary."

Against the régime of privilege and favoritism L. A. Wilmot protested with much vigor, and from being the most eloquent speaker in New Brunswick he had no trouble in holding up to ridicule an indefensible system. One cannot pretend that he was a

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good lawyer or a deep thinker. Wherever he went he carried with him the temper of the advocate, indeed the temper of the *nisi prius* pleader. "He always took a great interest," says Mr. Hannay, "in questions relating to the Bible, and frequently lectured on topics connected with it. He vehemently opposed the teachings of Darwin and others who followed the same line of inquiry, and he stoutly maintained that wherever the Bible and science were in conflict, science was in the wrong. He seems to have been, from first to last, an unquestioning believer in the doctrines of the Christian religion, and he viewed with great disfavor any one who ventured to question any part of its creed." Though discursive in both thought and speech, Wilmot was a man of unusual oratorical gifts. Considering the undoubted priority which he enjoyed for many years in the Legislature of New Brunswick, he has an unquestioned right to appear in the present series. Less celebrated than Mackenzie and Papineau, he wrought, *mutatis mutandis*, the same sort of work which they wrought in Upper and Lower Canada. Sir Leonard Tilley owes his place in Canadian public life to his fight against the opponents of Confederation in New Brunswick. At the beginning of 1865 the province was almost solidly opposed to union. By the summer of 1866 it had made a complete *volte-face*, thanks, in the main, to Tilley's efforts. This, at least, was his most shining achievement.

Mr. Hannay's volume is really a sketch of public life in New Brunswick as it centres for almost fifty years around two outstanding leaders. The subject has not quite the same interest which belongs to the larger, more spirited episodes in the history of this continent, but that is not Mr. Hannay's fault. Dealing with somewhat commonplace material, he has at least brought to it fairness of spirit and fulness of knowledge.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*Father Felix's Chronicles.* By Nora Chesson. New York: A. Wessels Co.

If "Father Felix's Chronicles" suggest Maurice Hewlett, it is by no means in the way of imitation, conscious or involuntary. Merely, like Mr. Hewlett, the author gives a sense of being steeped in her period (the reign of Henry the Fourth), of being possessed by it. This is no question of scholarship or industry. Learning abounds and traces of patient and happy labor, but these are incidental. The point is that this lady has a vision, a shuddering realization of the Middle Ages flashing with beauty of costume, illumined by piety, dark with unspeakable cruelty and fanaticism. She has absorbed tradition, custom, and legend till her pictures are as minute as the bordering of a patiently wrought missal. They almost convey the sense of physical contact with some huge old volume, the commentless chronicle of a monk's long life. Her story glides under way with admirable skill—a scene, a character touched, retouched, a phrase knowingly repeated, until Alice and Edith and Hawise stand free and separate, clear of their elaborate background. She manages her Benedictine Father so deftly as to avoid all those distressing devices by which narrative in the first person is usually made plausible. If here and there she calls upon the reader for agile wits to span the meaning of an elision, the momentary gap only adds to the atmosphere of mystery with which her story is beset.

The procession of characters press upon one another as in an overcrowded tapestry, yet as the eyes grow accustomed to the dim light and unused figures, you come to distinguish certain recurrent forms, slim pages, Saxon ladies and Norman—they appear in clear tragic sequence—men at arms, the Jew boy who served the leper, the hunchback maid of honor bound to the whipping post, the dungeon with Siward's sleeping talk of the scaffold! The whole is so encrusted with wealth of character and event that you hurry on with unflagging zest, even if a trifle confused at times by the mere abundance; yet the impression left is deep and in true perspective. You feel a time of terror, of doubt as to the next day's chances, of each town and castle isolated, like a faintly flickering torch, in a circle of countryside dark with war and conspiracy. The climax itself is full of almost unbearable pain, so delicately managed, however, that after reading with positive physical reluctance, you are bound to confess that the effect has been produced by entirely legitimate means. Your imagination has been played upon, Oedipus has not been mutilated before your eyes.

And while a steady crescendo of pain dominates, it is nowhere confounded with ugliness. The book is pervaded by a wholesome beauty, a sense of all the things that go to make up the thrilling England of romance. The very language is so contrived as to ring with a sonority which gives charm even to long pages merely enumerating flowers, costumes, or devices of men at arms.

Moreover, throughout the rich and gloomy fabric of her story, the author weaves fragments of verse, many of which bear the imprint of unusual talent. Some of these have sufficient character even to stand the test of transplanting from their natural setting. Some are meditative, some fresh with a vernal impulse almost in the spirit of Chaucer, but, perhaps, the most charming in its directness and simplicity is the snatch of ballad young Owen Glendower sings, when King Richard's conspirators are brewing mischief at Havering:

> The burden of dead ladies
> (Dead long ago),
> Swart Egypt and White Helen
> Who brought Troy low,
> The damoysel Sir Gwydion
> Made from a flower,
> And little maiden Barbara
> High on her tower.
>
> The burden of old battles
> And broken swords:
> And the burden of drowned cities
> —Ys and her lords:
> The burden of the east wind
> That will not rest:
> The burden of dead ladies
> Goes mournfullest.

Although prefaces are not supposed to wield a powerful influence, baleful or the reverse, upon the majority of novel readers, it may well be that the Introduction to this remarkable story will create antagonism. It consists of a husband's impassioned appeal for recognition of his dead wife's genius and a description of her work in the most fantastic and morbid strain of contemporary English mysticism. Only its obvious and touching sincerity saves this sovereignly unpleasing Preface from being at once tasteless and ridiculous. Shocking it is, and calculated to inspire distrust in the genius it so eagerly proclaims. Nevertheless, in spite of this serious handicap, the book itself shows ability of so rare an order as to point an instructive difference between a real creation and the flimsy stuff passing current as historical fiction.

*The Scarlet Car.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If, as the publishers assure us, there is such a thing as summer reading, Mr. Davis certainly deserves a place in the van of the summer writers. His tales have just the combination of romance, humor, smartness, and nonchalance to fit the sauntering, hammocking mood which holds under the dog-star. It is true that what seemed—was it twenty years ago?—to some of his young contemporaries a new genius in fiction, has turned out to be but a moderate talent. One hesitates to assert that his current work is not as good as the Van Bibber tales. The truth probably is that he continues to address himself to that deciduous audience of youth from which each in his turn must take the fatal drop. So to the cold eye of middle age it seems that in "The Scarlet Car" Mr. Davis simply "has his whack" at the fashionable motor-yarn of the moment. The tourney and the battles long ago, the boating and the racing and the hunting, that have sufficed sporting fiction for generations, are put aside for the nonce by this fad of the car and the speed limit. Let us recall the brief hour of the bicycle and of golf, and bide our time. Mr. Davis spares us the lingo, or at least does not focus our attention upon it for its own sake; the scarlet car is a friend, an enemy, sometimes even a vehicle, but never the hero of the story. The hero is one of those genial, healthy, wealthy, and rather useless youths destined to win the lady by sheer perseverance, plus opportunity. His relation to her is given the desired tang by the fact that she is engaged to be married to another man. The other man is conveniently a fool and a coward, as well as a person of ambition and capacity for work. The function of the car is obvious: to become, by this or by that, the means of their isolation from an unnecessary world, and, finally, to waft them to the desired haven. The amusing incidents which happen by the way are appropriate to the undisguisedly farcical nature of the whole affair.

*A Stumbling Block.* By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

This novel belongs to that class turned out in quantity every year, to which no possible objection should be made, if—merely this—if any one can discover the smallest reason for reading them. Its central theme is unimpeachable, the vampiring of a genius by his neurasthenic wife. The English is also unimpeachable, or as nearly so as English can be which entirely lacks the indefinable gift of style, the rhythm, the condensation making the difference between intelligent narrative and the tongue of a real story-teller. In the matter of treatment Mr. Forman's touch is uncertain,

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not to say immature. Of course his hero knows how to order a dinner even so as to command respect in a New York waiter. Since Van Bibber set the pace, all leading young gentlemen in fiction have mastered that delicate accomplishment. The situation between David and his wife, however, calls for a different type of realism. The means by which this situation is brought about are frankly novelesque and artificial.

Old Robert Henley stands in such dread of seeing David's "genius" (an attribute never quite proven) hampered by entanglement (an honorable engagement), with a singularly beautiful and praiseworthy young lady, that he sends him away for several years, to tread the safe path of youth with a full purse, foot-loose in Europe! On coming home to America, David is kept from Rosemary by pretexts too feeble even plausibly to hoodwink a genius. The neurasthenic lady makes a dead set at him, and from the moment they leave the altar, proceeds to sap his vitality. Of course the unhappy pair drift back to David's native village, where Rosemary has waited for him. The reunion of these two perfectly virtuous lovers is managed with complete decorum and the aid of one of those convenient medical episodes less frequent in life than in fiction.

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*The Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland.* By J. A. R. Marriott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

Mr. Marriott is right in saying that Falkland has not received justice at the hands of Macaulay, Gardiner, and Carlyle —how, indeed, should such a man find appreciation in those quarters?—but in forming his estimate of the position held by Falkland to-day he gives scarcely sufficient weight to the viscount's admirers. Few Englishmen have been more fortunate in praise. In the seventeenth century—the age of noble encomiums above all others—he had the friendship and glowing admiration of Ben Jonson and Clarendon; Matthew Arnold has devoted to him an essay of whole-hearted laudation; his portrait furnishes the most interesting chapter to one of the wisest of books on the century, Tulloch's "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy"; and now, we may add, he has been lucky in his present biographer.

Mr. Marriott writes from a full knowledge of his particular subject and of its background, which is more than can be said of most of the popular biographies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The two chapters on the Problem of the Age, Political and Ecclesiastical, are necessarily succinct and elementary in tone, but they say just the right thing to introduce the hero of the tale upon the stage. Just a touch, perhaps, is lacking to the section that deals with Falkland's life at Great Tew, his "little university." The facts are well presented, the characters clearly drawn, but the transmuting skill is not present that would make literature of one of the richest themes in English history. Clarendon's account of that beautiful interlude in Falkland's life is well known, and has, of course, been quoted by Mr. Marriott:

> Truly his whole conversation was one continued *convivium philosophicum*, or *convivium theologicum*, enlivened and refreshed with all the facetiousness of wit, and good humor, and pleasantness of discourse, which made the gravity of the argument itself (whatever it was) very delectable. His house, where he usually resided (Tew, or Burford in Oxfordshire), being within ten or twelve miles of the university, looked like the university itself, by the company that was always to be found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and, indeed, all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who found their lodgings there, as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming and going, nor who were in the house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise, there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint, to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society.

Happy academe, where so much of the wiser and more tolerant thought of the age was brewed in discourse, and actually, like Falkland's own tractates and Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants," written out for the press. The tragedy of Falkland's life is that one whose motto was "Where it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change," should have been cast in an age of sudden revolutions and violent animosities. But if a moderate, he was not an indifferent. In the Short Parliament and in the first years of the Long Parliament he played a brave and influential part. He was with those who dragged down Strafford; he voted for the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords; but when in place of the rule of "Thorough" which he had helped to destroy, Parliament took up the equally despotic system of "Root and Branch," Falkland tried to stem the rising fanaticism, and, failing in this, withdrew to the King's party and died bravely, if not rashly, at Newbury. It does not seem to us that even the slight tone of apology, or at least defence, adopted by Mr. Marriott is needed. In all that band of bigots there was no one who acted from beginning to end more consistently with his own principles than this man who chose the hard and dangerous middle path. How should he have been at home with the Puritans—he who held "that Truth in likelyhood is where her author God was, in the *still voice*, and not in the *loud wind*"? How should he have found comfort in the councils of the King's army—he who "when there was any overture or hope of peace, would be more erect and vigorous, and exceeding solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace;* and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart'"? We are readier than is Mr. Marriott to accept Whitelocke's gossiping report that Falkland, in the extremity of his grief and seeing the inevitable *débâcle* ahead, did practically throw away his life in the brunt of battle.

> He cried peace, when there was no peace.

Indeed, he cannot in any full sense of the word be called "great"; always, as a writer, a speaker, a man of action, he shows something of the enthusiastic amateur in his efforts. Mr. Marriott, we think, rather errs in forcing the note of his efficiency, for his true praise lies otherwhere. At the time of his early death he might have seemed to have lived and striven in vain. But as the years pass and the strident voices of the contention are no longer heard, the principles for which he suffered come to their own. Somehow, time has a strange trick of justifying the failures of the wise above the achievements of those who fight strenuously for a half-truth. The present was for Laud and Strafford, for Pym and Cromwell, but the future was for Falkland and the little band who saw the truth in its larger and more permanent aspects. The future is always with the moderates.

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*The Romantic Revolt.* By Chas. E. Vaughan. (Periods of European Literature, edited by Professor Saintsbury.) New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

It is only in a limited and qualified sense that Professor Vaughan's book can be spoken of as comparative history—indeed, it is something of a liberty to speak of it as a study of romanticism at all. It contains, to be sure, frequent references to "romantic ideals"; but it makes no very serious effort to define them. Neither in the author's narrative nor in his commentary do they come out, as it were, self-consciously. Nor does the volume explain much more satisfactorily the internal development of romanticism, the modifications suffered by the idea itself. How the romanticism of Herder, for example, ever came to be that of Tieck and the Schlegels, is as much of a problem at the end of the discussion as at the beginning, while the relation of French romanticism to German and English, or, in other words, the "comparative" problem, is hardly touched.

The fact is that the distinction between classic and romantic, useful as it is in a general classification and broad survey of literary tendencies and dispositions, is apt to break down when applied in detail. Like the division of humanity into good and bad, it furnishes a convenient form of thought, but fails to define any particular individual. Even the single schools, self-styled, of France and Germany—to say nothing of that of England, which stands singularly aloof from the others—have so little in common that the name becomes in such cases a more or less specialized or technical designation without general significance. In short, in this instance, as in all matters involving human genius, the essential thing is difference, not resemblance; it is the variation that counts. "Ethan Brand" is to be found in Hawthorne's notebook, pretty nearly all of it except Ethan Brand himself, and the whole Shakespearean drama, no doubt, is to be found everywhere—save what is Shakespeare's. What makes so much of our "comparative" literature of small account, is the failure to perceive this fact, and the insistence upon all kinds of transfers as though they were of the utmost importance. With what show of reason, for instance, are Lessing, Burke, and Goethe to be included in the same category with Hugo, Arnim, and Novalis? Surely the answer to such a question, even if it

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were possible, would be of no great relevancy.

Such an answer, at all events, the author has not succeeded in finding. And in default of it he has been obliged to use the term romantic merely as a convenient label for a certain chronological period, and to give it so broad an extension as to deprive it of any definite content in particular. In this sense romanticism is nothing more alarming than a purely instinctive reaction or revolt against neo-classicism—or better, pseudo-classicism—against the second-hand and the artificial. Even a return to an original classicism, such as that of the Greeks, seems to constitute for Professor Vaughan a phase of romanticism. At least, Goethe's "Iphigenie" looms as large on his horizon as "Götz." In this way the volume resolves itself into a series of sketches of the literatures of Europe from the death of Voltaire and Rousseau to that of Schiller. Its province, therefore, is comparatively limited; it deals with a period of transition or preparation rather than one of fulfilment. And it may be that something of its unsatisfactoriness is due to the fact that the movement which it undertakes to trace had not yet defined itself clearly.

As it is, however, the volume differs little from any other sketch of the sort—with the exception of these recurrent references to romanticism already mentioned. There is the usual inclination to discuss the succession of books rather than the sequence of ideas. There are the stock estimates of criticism, the *dicta* and things generally agreed upon, though relieved now and then by a happy *aperçu, e. g.*, the judgment of "Wilhelm Meister," and the analysis of Burke. On the whole the German division is the most interesting. In the case of English, Professor Vaughan has labored in vain against the lack of clear ideas and conscious tendency which makes the subject obdurate to such treatment as the method proposes. But even in German he shows comparatively little sense for the significance of the movement which the Schlegels originally headed. He discerns in a general way its influence on modern literary thought; he perceives severally its individual features—its impatience of tradition, its disdain of the painfully acquired lessons of human experience, its cult of ugliness, its incurable levity and perversity. But the extent and bearing of all these matters as a whole seem to escape him; he fails to see or at least to make clear that if there is one thing certain, it is that these men and their successors have imposed upon criticism an incubus of which it is apparently powerless to rid itself for yet many a long day.

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*Essays Critical and Political.* By J. H. Balfour Browne. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

These essays with few exceptions appeared in the *Westminster Review* between 1876 and 1886. Half of them are about political matters, such as the "African Slave-trade," "English Supremacy," "England in Egypt," which have changed since the papers were written. The opinions expressed could at most have an historical interest. It is a pity that the others, dealing with literary questions, were not published without this "dead-wood."

The unsparing frankness of the essays on "George Eliot as a Novelist" and on "Theophrastus Such," published in the *Westminster* in 1878 and 1879, is rather surprising, all things considered:

George Eliot now makes fun as if she were a little old and tired of it. We think these passages [in "Middlemarch"] contrast but poorly with those in her earlier works, while in "Daniel Deronda" there is a plentiful lack of humor of any kind. We confess that our liking for that sad and futile novel, "Middlemarch," is greater than for the so-called "hopeful" "Daniel Deronda." Here we cannot find those indications of preëminence which were not wanting in its predecessors.

On "Theophrastus Such" the critic is very severe. He finds it "burlesquing," "sneering," "without any high purpose," and often "unintelligible."

These plain-spoken verdicts, which have been generally confirmed, give more weight to his eager enthusiasm for the earlier works; and altogether it would not be easy to name a keener and sounder estimate of the novelist.

There is an admirable study also of Charlotte Brontë, in which the superiority of her sister Emily's genius is recognized:

In Emily's rather than in Charlotte's work we find the true creative faculty. . . . Charlotte has continued for us existences which were, and which cannot die; Emily has created people who never were, but who are now immortal.

And the essays on Landor, Dickens, Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli all show an insight and are written with a force quite out of the common.

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# Science.

*Infant Mortality.* A Social Problem. By George Newman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.50 net.

The questions raised by Dr. Newman are not novel, but his facts, as well as much of his discussion of them, deserve thoughtful consideration. They touch upon what seems to some the most valuable and vital part of settlement work; and, while much that he has to say is already familiar to many, there are others who will be glad to have this account of the subject. The statistical introduction deals chiefly with the returns for England and Wales, and by several diagrams illustrates the distribution of infant mortality, according to counties.

The figures are depressing. The general death rate in these countries is steadily falling, coming down from 22.2 to 18.2 in succeeding decades, from 1851 to 1900, and reaching 16.0 for the quinquennial period 1901-05. The birth rate is also falling, dropping from 34.1 to 28.4 for the same periods; in 1905, it was 27.2. This, taken by itself, might seem no unmixed evil, but it acquires a very different significance when we learn that there is no diminution in the infant mortality rate, by which is meant the number of deaths of children in the first twelve months of life, as compared with a thousand births for the same time. This rate for 1901-05 was 138; for the five decades, 1851-1900, it ranged between 154 and 142, and showed little tendency to change. A simple recalculation of some of the tables brings out the more impressive fact that the deaths of infants form nearly 24 per cent. of all the deaths in England and Wales, and that this percentage seems on the whole to be really increasing; it was just under 23 in 1851-70; it somewhat exceeded 24 in 1891-1900, and was just under 24 for 1901-05; but this percentage is the same as in 1871-80. The rate is much higher in certain other countries, and nearly everywhere shows no definite tendency to diminish; but there are a few exceptions, as Australia, Netherlands, Switzerland (145), Denmark (133), Iceland (104), Sweden (99), Norway (94), New Zealand (82). There is, however, some uncertainty as to the comparability of such statistics.

In round numbers, then, 1,000,000 children are born each year in England, and 500,000 persons die, and of these at least 120,000 are children in their first year; and of these again, nearly half die in the first three months. This trimestral proportion appears to be increasing, even now, and the percentage of such deaths was nearly seven higher in 1904 than sixty years ago. Such figures are yet more striking when we recall that in the last fifty years the decline in the death rate has been most marked for the years between 5 and 25 (about 50 per cent.), and for those under five has been 14-15 per cent.

The causes of this state of affairs are discussed by Dr. Newman at some length on the basis of English statistics and conditions; and he is able to draw many illustrations from his experience as medical officer of the borough of Finsbury. He recognizes more clearly than some writers on this subject have done that the problem is very complex, dealing with many variables, not to say unknown quantities. When the infant mortality rate is examined more fully, it is found to be higher, as a rule, in towns, and because of a steady increase in prematurity, pneumonia, and epidemic diarrhœa as causes of death, it does not decline. In 1801 about one-sixth of the population lived in towns of over 20,000; in 1904 nearly six-tenths lived in such towns. Urban life may mean improved sanitation and other advantages, but it may also bring many evils in its train; and the figures show that infant mortality is higher in the towns. Such figures call for careful interpretation. Urban life is not uniform, and there are usually enormous sanitary inequalities whose localities and limits are not sharply defined. All this comes out clearly in the comparison of statistics for London in general, and for Finsbury in particular, too extended for quotation. In towns also the general mortality is higher; and this is interpreted to mean that excessive infant mortality cannot be altogether due to improper care and poor feeding.

Much may be expected from improvement of the dwelling and from more thorough sanitation of the town—questions, it may be added, no less urgent in many American communities than abroad—but, after all, "infant mortality is a social problem concerning maternity." Nearly a third of the deaths of infants is due to immaturity; in some districts the proportion is even larger. Here the occupation of the mother, her poor physique (in

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which we must include the effect of certain toxic substances, as lead, mercury, alcohol, etc.), and poor nutrition, play a considerable rôle. Besides prenatal harm, the occupation of the mother acts disastrously in depriving the child of care that is all-important, even if it be not altogether intelligent. The various protective agencies available are fully discussed.

For the child the most potent preventive measure is perhaps that of proper food. The book demonstrates anew that unsuitable or spoilt food is the source of much danger to the infant, and that the substitutes for the natural food of the first year require not merely sound judgment in selection, but also vigilant care in the giving. Dr. Newman adds an interesting account of his own effort to supply Finsbury infants with suitable modified milk, and also some account of what has been done elsewhere abroad. That he manifests little familiarity with the work done in this country in no way detracts from his presentation of the subject. He believes also that other agencies must be employed, and sees in the medical inspector and in women, acting as visitors and advisers, the most valuable aids for the enlightenment and training of mothers. The school training of girls with regard to sanitary matters as well as the selection of nutritious food and its proper preparation he also holds to be helpful for this generation, and yet more for the next.

Despite the mass of figures, the book, handsomely printed and pleasant to handle, seems remarkably free from misprints. The table on page 3, evidently, should refer to infant mortality rates according to births, and not according to population; and on page 12 there is a slight confusion as to percentages.

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The New Library of Medicine, under the editorship of Dr. C. W. Saleeby, now appearing in England, is to contain a score of volumes treating a variety of general questions in a manner to interest medical men and "intelligent laymen." Several of these books have also appeared with an American title-page, but without a clear indication that they belong to a series. The latest is "The Hygiene of Mind" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by T. S. Clouston, long known as a student of mental disease, a book that parents and others will find helpful in its suggestiveness rather than in definite directions or explicit advice. There are entertaining chapters on the different periods of life, on marriage, with an incidental word in behalf of divorce, and on decadence. It is interesting to note, amid the diverting disagreements in the discussion of the transmission of acquired characters, the insistence of the author that in the field of psychiatry the facts seem to indicate that the sins of one generation reappear very definitely in the next, and later yet. Possibly a more refined analysis may show that all this depends on malnutrition and environment, varied concomitants of inheritance, rather than the mere substance of inheritance; but, at present, he regards heredity as a causal agent in disordered and undeveloped minds "in a greater degree than in any other disease." The remedy is to be sought in nutrition and careful upbringing, including a special effort not to "overstimulate, or over-educate, or over-press the mind."

Dr. Karl Grassmauer of Munich publishes in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of that city, under the title of "Modernes deutsches Kurpfuschertum," surprising data showing that Germany, with possibly the sole exception of England, has been the most easy-going of modern States in allowing medical men without a medical schooling to practise the art of healing. German laws demand for practice only two things, namely, that a man does not advertise himself as "Arzt," and, secondly, that he does not travel around in the hunt for patients. As a result the author declares that while there are in the Fatherland some thirty thousand physicians with university preparation and degrees, there are from twelve to fifteen thousand "wild" physicians, who have practically no medical training at all. The increase in the ranks of these non-academic practitioners has been remarkable. Between 1874 and 1903 their number in Saxony grew from 323 to 1,001, an increase of 209 per cent., while the population increased only 61 per cent. Exactly the same relative increase is reported for this period from Berlin. Recent statistics show that 16.6 per cent. of these non-academic doctors have been fined for malpractice, and in Berlin even 30 per cent. A vigorous propaganda is being inaugurated by the medical and the legal professions to stay this growing national evil. The discussion here mentioned appears in Nos. 113 and 114 of the Supplement.

The plenary meeting of the International Association of Sciences, in convention recently in Vienna, decided to publish complete editions of the works of Leibniz. The task of preparing and issuing this edition has been assigned to the two Paris societies and that of Berlin. The bulk of the preparatory work has in fact already been done by these bodies.

The annual report for 1906 of Dr. C. G. Seligmann, pathologist of the London Zoo, has just been published. Among the monkeys, thirty-four deaths from tuberculosis are recorded, as against fifty-three in the preceding year. In our own New York Zoological Park only three monkeys in the collection died from this dread disease during 1906. In the London Gardens no fewer than eighty-six birds, or 30 per cent. of the total number of deaths recorded, succumbed to tuberculosis, the infection taking place by the swallowing of contaminated particles of soil picked up with the food. A remarkable fact was noted in the extremely flabby condition of the heart in many storks, ostriches, cassowaries, and rheas, death in a number of cases being due to cardiac failure. Lack of sufficient exercise doubtless accounts for this unusual state of affairs.

Prof. Heinrich Kreutz, editor of the *Astronomische Nachrichten* since 1897, died July 13, in his fifty-third year.

## Drama and Music.

C. H. Brookfield is writing a play of which the hero is to be Queen Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Essex.

Nothing new has come from the pen of H. V. Esmond, of late, but it is said that he has no less than three plays ready for production, all of which will be seen in London this year. One of them is called "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the principal female character will be assumed by Maxine Elliott. The scene is laid in the heart of the New Forest and the story is one of an out-of-door life, free from the artificial conventions of modern town society.

It is said that Hall Caine has already received nearly $500,000 in royalties from "The Christian."

Among the authors of the various short pieces which Arnold Daly promises to produce in the Berkeley Theatre of this city are Mark Twain, Charles F. Nirdlinger, W. W. Jacobs, Gladys Unger, Cosmo Gordon Lennox, and George Bernard Shaw. Apparently, Mr. Arnold means to make his appeal to a limited class of playgoers, realizing that his theatre has small accommodation for the general public. It is agreeable to be assured that his performances are to be modelled upon those of the Théâtre Antoine. This can only mean that there will be some first-class acting, though nothing is said about the players who are to provide it.

Reports come from Rome of the great success of a powerful and imaginative play called "The Wanderer," by Signor Movicelli. The hero is a dreamer of lofty ideals to which he hopes to convert the world. Leaving his family in the charge of his brother, he sets out on a pilgrimage. For twenty years he labors in vain, and then returns home to find himself estranged from his family. Soon he quarrels with his brother, who has political ambitions, and finally decides to resume his pilgrimage, realizing the fact that for him home no longer exists. The contrasting characters of the two brothers are said to be drawn with great skill, and the piece is described as being full of dramatic situation.

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*Vocal Faults and Their Remedies.* By W. H. Breare. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

It is refreshing to come across a book on the vocal art free from the usual silly lamentations about the "lost art of *bel canto*." In the preface to Mr. Breare's volume it is maintained that whereas in the olden days listeners expected to be astonished by vocal agility, we are no longer satisfied with mere beauty of vocal tone and ornamental devices. We demand appropriateness of tone-color and dramatic consistency, and, above all, perfect speech in song. "It is a different and really a higher phase of the old *bel canto;* for it is more intellectual, exacts wider knowledge, and is more sincere. It requires more thought than the cult of the Rossinian school, and much deeper study."

This preface, to be sure, was not penned by the author of the volume, but by an English journalist, F. Gilbert Webb. Mr. Breare, however, undoubtedly endorses his sentiments. Without going so far as Mr. Webb, who calls this "the most complete guide to singing in English yet published," one may concede that it contains much that is valuable and well expressed. The author is an American who migrated to England

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and there became a teacher of singing and a critic. His book contains, he says, the results of personal experiences during a career of nearly half a century. The plan of it is commendable. In addition to a series of chapters on the Breath Problem, Tongue Troubles, Mouth Positions, Tone Colors, etc., he devotes brief sections to special instances of vocal faults, such as bad high notes, voice cracking, uneven tone, too open tone, cat quality, voice jarring, imperfect rhythm, lifeless tone, foghorn qualities, wheezy tone, a throaty consonant, sepulchral tone, etc., following up the statement of each case with brief directions for overcoming the defects described. The troubles of singers are rendered the more acute by reason of the fact that they cannot really hear the true sound of their own voices, but need some one to coach and correct them. In the author's opinion, this is true not only of students but of experienced singers, including some of the greatest, who are apt in course of time to underdo or overdo. "It is because a singer cannot perfectly judge his own voice and effects that he must be periodically 're-tuned' in order to correct faults which have really grown out of virtues, through exaggeration."

The primary cause of this trouble is, in the author's opinion, neglect of technique in quest of more "soul"; yet on another page he informs us that he seldom employs scales or exercises—a point on which other vocal experts are likely to differ with him. The cultivating of the lighter quality of voice (the tenor voice by a baritone, the soprano by the contralto) which he commends, is best done by scale practice, by beginning high and carrying down into the voice the head quality which should exist even in the deepest chest tones. If the singer has this perfect head quality there will be no difficulty in any words—no "troublesome words," such as the author discusses in one of his sections. One may question the wisdom of Mr. Breare's advice to the teacher to abstain as much as possible from mentioning the breath, and to teach the art of breathing unconsciously. The singer cannot get the diaphragm pressure unconsciously. But we agree with him that "the less a singer thinks of his tongue, the better." Perhaps the author insists too much on the position of the lips. Jean de Reszke maintains that the lips should be pliant but practically unchanged. To insist on changes makes the pupil too self-conscious. Much good advice is condensed in the summary. Among his maxims are two which teach truths that ought to be self-evident, but which very few vocalists heed: "Before you sing a note, ascertain the meaning of the words you are to sing." "You must enjoy good health to sing well, therefore take plenty of fresh air and walking exercise." Ill health, indeed, shows itself in the voice as promptly as in the face, and therefore comes properly under the head of "vocal faults."

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What is called "a great musical movement" is going on in England. At a recent meeting in London, of the Association of Musical Competition Festivals, the fact was brought out that in about sixty districts in all parts of the kingdom musical competition festivals are held, and that their number is steadily increasing. There are drawbacks to the modern festivals—an occasional pot-hunting spirit and too much regard for winning medals and prizes—but the good far outweighs the bad.

When Gilbert and Sullivan parted company all lovers had cause to regret it deeply. The reason why they separated has not heretofore been known officially; but we know it now. W. S. Gilbert has recently written to the Dublin *Evening Herald* to correct various errors regarding himself contained in an article in that journal. He denied that he had prosecuted an organ-grinder for annoyance, and then applied for permission to appear as his counsel. He denied that he had ever spoken rudely to a member of his company. As for his collaborator, "the 'separation' was not between 'Gilbert and Sullivan,' but between myself and Mr. D'Oyly Carte. It arose from a question whether a sum of £1,500 for refurnishing the front of the Savoy Theatre was properly included in the preliminary expenses of the production of 'The Gondoliers.' I had no quarrel with Sir A. Sullivan, though a coolness existed between us for a time, in consequence of his declining to interfere in the difference between Mr. Carte and myself. This coolness lasted a very short time, and was quickly done away with by mutual expressions."

A report came from Bayreuth that Cosima Wagner does not feel well enough to continue any longer as the head of the festivals, and that her place will be taken by Siegfried Wagner. It is a simple fact that Cosima Wagner never was the proper person to preside over these festivals. Certainly Wagner himself never thought of her in that position. In a letter addressed to Angelo Neumann (manager of the Travelling Wagner Theatre, of which Seidl was the conductor), printed in his recently published "Reminiscences," Wagner says: "With 'Parsifal' my whole Bayreuth creation stands and falls. As a matter of course, that creation will pass away—it will come to an end when I die; for I do not know and cannot imagine who could perpetuate it according to my intentions." With the words *ist und bleibt mir unbekannt und unerkenntlich* (I do not know and cannot imagine) he deliberately emphasized the fact that he never had his wife in mind for this post—nor his son; and it must be remembered that these words were written less than a year before he died.

The other day there was at Padua a congress, presided over by the Patriarch of Venice, whose object was to obtain reform in sacred music. It was decided to promote the foundation of Scholae Cantorum, in which children should be instructed in sacred music, and to institute associations of musicians in various districts to form a sort of watch-committees to guard the music of the local churches. Next year there is to be at Rome a national congress, the object of which is to establish rules for deciding what is and what is not proper church music. The difficulty with such congresses is that their decisions are not compulsory in their own country, much less in other countries. At the Padua congress Verdi's Manzoni Requiem was sung as an example of real church music; but at Westminister Abbey, in London, this same work is considered too operatic, apparently, for liturgical use.

## Art.

*Houses and Gardens.* By M. H. Baillie Scott. Quarto, pp. xvi, 247; 17 colored plates, 207 illustrations. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $12 net.

The charm of simplicity and straightforwardness in much of the domestic architecture of Great Britain has been noticed not only by travellers from America, but also by American architects at home. Quiet, unostentatious houses in suburban towns and country villages, half-timbered, slated or tiled, with prim little hedged gardens in front, full of quaint beauty, have been multiplied in recent years along British lanes and streets by architects of whom we hear, perhaps, but little, but who are doing a fine work in raising the general standard of taste in their special field. One of these architects, Mr. Baillie Scott of London, has given us, in this handsome volume, an entertaining series of short essays, more or less closely related, on the art of house-design as he conceives it. His "Houses and Gardens" will, on this side of the ocean, chiefly interest the architect and decorator rather than the general reader and house-owner. House architecture depends so closely upon national and local conditions, material and social, and reflects so directly the habits of life and manners and customs of a community, that treatises upon it written in and for one country are of little value to the people of another except in so far as they deal with fundamental principles. The American who reads Mr. Scott's book feels strongly the British character and color of the forty brief chapters; but it is this that really gives them their chief interest. Between their lines one reads conditions and ideals, so different from our own that they inevitably hold the attention by that very difference. Not everything, however, is different: again and again one's sympathy goes out to the English architect or house builder in his struggles, feelingly narrated in these essays, with unscrupulous contractors, bills of extras, smoky chimneys, and garden problems. These things have a familiar sound to the American.

Mr. Scott's book is a plea—straightforward, earnest, naïf at times—for deliverance from the dead monotony of philistine traditions in house building. He discusses the general problem in his first chapter, characterizing building in modern times as "not so much an art as a disease," and his criticisms and comments are generally sound. Perhaps our American public has advanced beyond the need of hearing reiterated some of the elementary ideas which Mr. Scott seeks to inculcate, though of that there may well be doubts. The succeeding chapters discuss the hall, dining-room, and other parts of the house; "the Soul of the house," furnishing, decoration, mottoes, color, pictures, and so on; the garden, ways and means; and finally, in succession, various types of houses, some of them—"terrace-houses," for example—quite unfamiliar on this side of the Atlantic. These discussions, extremely brief and dogmatic, at times tending to provoke dissent rather than to carry conviction, are evidently meant as expositions of the author's personal ideas, rather than as treatises from

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the abstract point of view. The most interesting feature is naturally the illustrations. Certainly many of the interiors, charming as they appear in the drawings, would be but poorly suited to American habits and tastes; and much of the rather affected simplicity would seem to be of the expensive kind beyond the reach of the slender purses for which it professes to be designed. It is amusing to note, in the text accompanying plans for "a house in America," the remark that "American characteristics will be recognized in the ample cupboard space provided in the bedrooms": there are actually four closets in the five bedrooms! The exteriors are more uniformly satisfactory; and although quite as emphatically English, and quite as unsuited for this country, they are almost invariably charming by their dignity of line, restful treatment, and picturesque massing.

There is, on the whole, so much of good suggestion, of good taste, and of common sense in the book, that one easily overlooks minor deficiencies.

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The July number of the *Burlington Magazine* has, on the whole, an unwontedly modern air about it, though there is a sprinkling of articles and plates dealing with older art. "The Case for Modern Painting" is continued, with a plate after a picture by Ambrose McEvoy, who seems to be doing in England, less well, what Tarbell is doing in this country—reviving, that is, the immortal traditions of the Dutch masters—while other relatively modern subjects are the photogravure frontispiece, after Corot's Evening on the Lake, and the picture in the Louvre called The Cottage, heretofore attributed to Constable, but now given to a little known painter, F. W. Watts, who is supposed to be the real author of many spurious Constables. A fairly successful color-plate after a portrait by Bartolommeo Veneto and half-tones after Chardin and Sir Nathaniel Bacon are among the more interesting illustrations. Dr. Rudolph F. Burckhardt indentifies one Hans Wydyz the elder as the author of certain sixteenth century carvings in boxwood of extraordinarily varied style and degree of merit; C. J. Holmes discusses the question "Where did Michelangelo Learn to Paint?" inclining to the belief that it was at Bologna and from a Ferrarese master; and Cyril Davenport endeavors to explain the real origin and meaning of "The Book Cyphers of Henri II." Articles on Roman campanili, Oriental ceramics and other subjects, together with the usual book reviews, help to make up an uncommonly interesting number. There is no section, this month, on art in America.

Carlo Gamba, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for July, treats the work of the late Florentine eclectic Raffaello Carli, considerably extending the list of his works. Carli's best known painting is the highly Filippinesque Madonna, at Santo Spirito, Florence. Since he passed successively under the influence of Filippino, Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, and Ghirlandaio, and his craftsmanship is of excellent quality, most of his paintings still go under these shining names. Accordingly Count Gamba's illustrated article will be useful to collectors of the prudent sort. One may note in the same number an account of the rearrangement of the Archæological Museum at Milan, and a discussion of a Visitation, a fragment of an altarpiece by Antonino Guiffré, in the Church of the Addolorata, Taormina. This obscure artist makes the third "Antonello da Messina," and the author, Enrico Brunelli, assures us that there were still others. Evidently this famous signature, even if genuine and of the fifteenth century, need not indicate the great Antonello.

The most important publication of 1907 for early Christian art is probably the reproduction of the illuminations of the Rossano codex, discovered in this little Calabrian town of Southern Italy and originally published by Gebhardt and Harnack. The outline illustrations which they gave were, however, quite useless for stylistic criticism, and the later plates of Haseloff were poor. Since the codex was fanatically guarded by its ignorant possessors there had never been a really adequate chance to study and reproduce this greatest work of the early Eastern illuminators, until the codex was sent last year to the exhibition of Byzantine art at Grottaferrata. The present edition, by Antonio Munoz (Rome: Danesi), is the first application of the chromophototype process to the reproduction of miniatures. The plates are of the exact size of the originals and absolutely photo-mechanical. The Greek text is that of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark written in letters of silver (and gold) on 188 sheets of purple parchment—the rarest and costliest of the ancient modes of writing. The illuminations make of this the earliest illustrated Gospel text. There are seventeen principal scenes besides many single figures. The text and the art alike point to Egypt and probably to Alexandria as the place of production; the date is the sixth century. The sketchy and often somewhat crude realism of the scenes is as far removed from the Latin art of the West as from the Hellenic purism of Justinian's Byzantine school. The editor has also reproduced the fragmentary purple Sinope codex in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. It will be interesting to institute a careful comparison with the treatment of the same and similar Gospel scenes by the authors of the Roman Byzantine frescoes recently discovered and belonging to the same and the following century.

The same author, Munoz, publishes a volume on the recent exhibition of Byzantine art at Grottaferrata in 1905-06 ("L'Art byzantin à l'exposition de Grottaferrata," Rome: Danesi). This was the first adequate collection of really Byzantine objects ever gathered in the West, and it was quite fitting that it should be held in the Basilian monastery of Grottaferrata, which has upheld the Greek banner at the gates of Rome ever since its foundation by St. Nilus in about 1,000. The exhibition was also timely, because in Rome itself the discovery of the frescoes at S. Maria Antiqua and S. Saba had raised again with increased violence the discussion as to the part played by Byzantine art in Rome during the early middle ages. At the exhibition at Grottaferrata many hidden treasures were seen practically for the first time. Of course, the treasures of the Christian Museum at the Vatican were known to specialists, but the pieces sent from the monasteries of Nonantula, Monte Cassino, Rossano, from the private collections of Sterbini, Stroganoff, and Nelidoff, from Castell' Arquato, Gaeta, Cosenza, were practically unknown. Ivories, the small steatite reliefs peculiar to Byzantine art, wood sculpture of the most minute character, of later style, paintings on small panels, now generally thought to be much less early than was supposed, some few bronzes (especially the superb candelabra from S. Giorgio, Venice), the sacred vestments, illuminated manuscripts, and portable mosaic pictures, showed the manysidedness of Byzantine technique and a historic sequence of about one thousand years. The most complete series is that of the manuscripts, several of the most important and earliest being those of Monte Cassino and Grottaferrata itself. To one who visited the exhibition, the book of Munoz fails—not by any fault of its author—to convey one of the most interesting impressions, that given by the full-size facsimiles in color, of details of the early mosaics of Ravenna and Rome, which portray vividly the strength and realism of the mosaicists who produced the masterpieces of S. Maria Maggiore, of the Ravenna Baptistery and mausoleum of Galla Placidia, a realism that did not outlast the fifth century.

A book could be at once so good and so bad as Teodor de Wyeza's "Les Maîtres Italiens d'autrefois: écoles du nord" (Paris: Perrin et Cie.) only on the theory that the author had collected his journalism somewhat heedlessly. It abounds in the vaguest appreciations. Fra Angelico is a poet, and so, save the mark, is the pedestrian, Sano di Pietro. Fra Bartolommeo is a poet, and so is Giotto, whose quality, moreover, is "musical." Botticelli was an aimless experimentalist and a feeble technician until too late Savonarola awakened the dormant religious painter in him. Botticelli pleases because he has hit upon the British type of girlish beauty. This was due possibly to "some casual meeting with a model." In any case, his figures have "the same elongated features, the same large, sensual, and melancholy eyes, which attract us in the English painters from Gainsborough to Rossetti." Here we have M. de Wyeza at his worst. In the essays on Verrocchio (wisely skeptical as to recent reconstructions of his *œuvre*), on Mantegna, and on Tiepolo appear notable qualities of taste and historical insight. Throughout the interest is personal. Inferential crises are alleged to explain changes in an artist's manner. Gaudenzio Ferrari is sent beyond the Alps, Mantegna is dated by a new mistress. All this is suggestive and at times plausible, but it savors strongly of the capricious. The worst defect of the book is the very slight part the eye has had in its production. The author emotionalizes apparently before he has really seen. In all it is an ingenious work of ultra-literary type, and may safely be recommended to jaded readers of art criticism—if only as an irritant. For a beginner it would be not only useless but misleading.

From Charles Barmore of this city we have received two capital portraits of Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain, etched on copper plate by Otto J. Schneider. The Lincoln (12x16, edition limited to 250 artist proofs) is from the photograph taken in

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1864 by Gardner Bros., certainly one of the best of the portraits. The Mark Twain (16x22, edition limited to 250 artist proofs) was drawn from life with the assistance of Gessford's photograph. Both portraits may be recommended for framing. Mr. Barmore publishes a number of such etchings, chiefly of men famous in the law.

The death is announced of Just Becquet, the French sculptor, a pupil of Rude. A number of Becquet's statues have prominent places in Paris.

# Finance.

## CHANGING STANDARDS OF RAILWAY MAINTENANCE.

Whatever may be the notion of State and Federal authorities as to the basis of "value" in railway securities, there is but one basis so far as the security markets are concerned, and that basis is income-producing capacity. The price of a security may be regarded as a resultant of three forces or factors—first, the rate of interest or dividend; second, the general rate of interest, and third, a more or less indefinite factor which, in the case of bonds, might be termed, as Carl Snyder in his book "American Railways as Investments" (Moody Corporation) terms it, the "factor of safety," and in the case of stocks the "equity." In other words, the price of a bond—the number of cents on the dollar of face value bid for it on the market—depends mainly on the rate of interest borne by it, the relation that this rate bears to the prevailing rate of interest, and the degree of security for its punctual payment. And the price of a stock depends mainly upon the dividend it pays, the relation of the dividend to the prevailing rates of interest, and the amount of potential dividend that the stock represents in the surplus earning capacity over the dividends paid.

Hence, the general scope of all processes of analysis designed to disclose the value of railway securities is principally confined to the question of earning capacity in relation to capitalization. For when a railway's true earning capacity is known the value of its securities is also known—the value, that is to say, regarded without reference to temporary speculative considerations. Mr. Snyder's book above referred to is the most recent publication on the subject of railway values; it is designed to put in the hands of the investor all the facts that he needs to determine more or less definitely the value of the stocks and bonds of American railways, and to furnish him with the fundamental rules for interpreting those facts. Barring a tendency towards perhaps unduly dogmatic statements and unduly definite conclusions—and no more than a tendency is to be imputed—the book seems likely to fulfil the purpose of its author. It is clear as to principles and, so far as a cursory test of the facts may disclose, accurate in its figures.

The chief interest of the book from the point of view of the economic student is its evidence of the extent to which standards are changing in railway practice, and, consequently of the extent to which these changes must be considered if railway values are to be accurately measured. The process of measurement consists simply of testing the "net earnings" as officially reported for "concealed equities" or the reverse. A railway in the United States is compelled by the Interstate Commerce Law to keep its accounts and make its reports in a form prescribed by the Commission. This form divides operating expenses into five general classes, three of which include all expenses of operation other than "maintenance," the remaining two including "maintenance of way" and "maintenance of equipment." In railway accounts the only possible place where "equities" can be "concealed" is in "maintenance," and consequently the test of net earnings is a test of "maintenance" charges.

Until within four or five years—during which the cost of labor and material used in railway work has increased and the general type of equipment changed—certain rough standards of maintenance charges per mile of road, per locomotive, and per car were in use among analysts seeking to determine "concealed equities" or the reverse in railway accounts. It was reckoned in a general way that a single-track road in the West, for example, with a freight density of, say, 600,000 ton-miles per mile of road per annum, could be sufficiently maintained for $900 or $1,000 "maintenance of way" per mile per annum, a locomotive for $1,000 to $1,500 per annum, a passenger car for $500 per annum, and a freight car for $50 per annum. If the maintenance accounts contained more than these allowances there were "concealed equities"; if less, the net earnings were overstated.

Mr. Snyder points out very opportunely that it is no longer safe to use these standards. He has (p. 66) a suggestive note on "Concealed Earnings," which runs as follows:

> The practice, therefore, of finding large concealed earnings through a comparison of maintenance charges, in 1906-7, with the scale of some six or seven years previous, is wholly misleading, and investors will exercise a healthy distrust of any such showings. It was the concurrent opinion of two operating officials, as expressed to the writer, that there were, save in rare instances, no concealed earnings in the maintenance accounts of 1906-7.

This fact—and it is surely a fact—may be commended to the notice of all who study railway figures for light upon values of securities. It is obviously impossible as yet to measure definitely the effect of changed costs and changed conditions upon these standards of maintenance, but it is probably safe to say that Mr. Snyder's estimate of a 50 per cent. increase is conservative. Some observers would be inclined to use an even higher basis than this. One analyst, of some experience, places equipment maintenance standards at present as high as $2,500 per locomotive, $1,000 per passenger car, and $80 per freight car as the smallest allowance that is safe for keeping numbers and capacity of equipment intact and in good order.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bacon, Paul V. A German Grammar for Beginners. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Baedecker, Karl. Switzerland. Scribners. $2.40 net.
Baker, Ernest A. History in Fiction. 2 Vols. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Balzac, Honoré de. Le Colonel Chabert. Clarendon Press.
Benham, W. Hamilton. Trade and Trade Centres. De Vinne Press.
Benson, Edward White. God's Board. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Bottome, Phyllis. The Imperfect Gift. Dutton. $1.50.
Burn, John Henry. Churchman's Treasury of Song. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Burrows, Ronald M. The Discoveries in Crete. Dutton. $2 net.
Carpenter, Frank O. Foods and Their Uses. Scribners.
Castro, Don Guillem de. Las Mocedades del Cid. Lemcke & Buechner.
Clarke, Sir George Sydenham. Fortification: Its Past Achievements, Recent Development and Future Progress. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Dante. La Vita Nova. Lemcke & Buechner.
Dunning, William Archibald. Reconstruction, Political and Economic. Harpers. $2 net.
Early, R. H. By-Ways of Virginia History. Richmond: Everett Waddey Company. $1.50 net.
Fyfe, H. C. Submarine Warfare. Dutton. $3 net.
Forman, Justus Miles. A Stumbling Block. Harpers. $1.50.
Frank, Henry. The Kingdom of Love. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.
Gorse, F. A School Algebra. Putnams.
Guthrie, E. G., Epler, P. H., Thorp, W. B. Personality of Christ. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Hamilton, Samuel. Intermediate Arithmetic. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Hamilton, Samuel. Primary Arithmetic. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Hamilton, Samuel. School Arithmetic for Grammar Grades. American Book Co. 45 cents.
Halsham, John. Lonewood Corner. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Herrick, Glen W. Laboratory Exercises in General Zoölogy. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Lawrence, C. E. Pilgrimage. Dutton. $1.50.
Lindsay, A. R. B. Gloria Christi: An Outline Study of Missions and Social Progress. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Meyers, Kleines. Konversations-Lexikon. Vol. I. Lemcke & Buechner.
Neeff, Gotthold August. The Strife of Life. Ellenville, N. Y.: American Authors' Agency.
O'Hara, John Myers. Poems of Sappho. Chicago.
Oxford English Dictionary. (Vol. VI.) Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Payne, Henry Clay. A Life. W. W. Wight. Milwaukee: Burdick & Allen.
Political Science Association Proceedings, 1906. Vol. III. Lancaster, Pa.: Wickersham Press.
Prévost, L'Abbé. Manon Lescault. Lemcke & Buechner.
Russell, John W. A Sequel to Elementary Geometry. Clarendon Press.
Sampson & Holland's Written and Oral Composition. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Sewell, A. J. Dog's Medical Dictionary. Dutton. $2 net.
Shirley, John B. School and Festival Songs. American Book Co. 25 cents.
Sonnenschein, Edward A. T. Macci Plavti Mostellaria. Henry Frowde.
Stewart, George B. A Study of the Life of Jesus. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 40 cents net.
Villon, François. Œuvres. Lemcke & Buechner.
Watson, W. Petrie. The Future of Japan. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Weddigen, Dr. Otto. Krieg und Katastrophen. Lemcke & Buechner.

The First Volume of a New Series of Biographies of Leading Americans
R. M. Johnston's LEADING AMERICAN SOLDIERS
Biographies of Washington, Greene, Andrew Jackson, Taylor, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Meade, Lee, T. J. Jackson J. E. Johnston. 1 Volume with Portraits, $1.75 net; by mail $1.90.
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